

THE  
AMOROUS  
WARRE.

A  
Tragi-Comœdy.

---

By J. M. St. of Ch. ch. in O x o n.

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Ovid. Lib. i. Amor.

*Militat omnis Amans; Et habet sua Castra Cupido.*

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OXFORD;

Printed by Henry Hall Printer to the  
University, for RIC. DAVIS. 1659.

# The PERSONS.

Archidamus.

Barlene.

Lycestes.

Polydamus.

Theagines.

Meleager.

Orythia.

Thalæstris.

Menalippe.

Marthesia.

Callias.

Neander.

Artops.

Eurymedon.

Roxane.

Clytus.

Hippocles.

Macrinus.

Lacero.

Serpix.

Pistoclerus.

King of Bithynia.

His sister.

Two old Lords.

Two young Lords their sons.

Wife to Theagenes.

Wife to Meleager.

Their women.

Three young Courtiers.

King of Thrace.

His sister.

Two of his Lords.

Three common souldiers.

A Newes spreader.

Two men

Two women

Cittizens.

Two Priests.

A Drummer.

## The Scene.

BITHYNIA.

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THE  
AMOROVS WARRE.

Tragi-Comoedy.

ACT: I. SCEN: I.

After a Warlike sound of Drummes and Trum-  
pets within; Enter

Callias, Neander, Artops.

Call: **H**ere's a sweet change of Times; I, who had won'd  
To have my boy sing me asleep between  
My Mistresse Armes and charme mee every Night  
Into a soft *Elysum* with his voyce,  
Have beene this weeke kept waking with this *Musick*:  
If this hold foure dayes more, I shall be fit  
Like *Blackbirds*, to be whistled to, and taught,  
Out of meere tamenesse, to learne *Tunes*. Neand: I doe  
Observe a certaine kind of Copulation  
Twixt sound and sound: This noyse hath sexes in it:  
The Drummers, and the Trumpeters, and Fifes,  
Make the *Male* noyse o'th Streets: The Womens cries,  
Loud shriekes, & howlings, make the *Female*. Between them  
A strange, ambiguous, confus'd roare's begor,  
Much like the fall of *Nilus*, where the waters  
Make All that dwell neare deafe. Art: My lodging stands  
I'ch' *Middle Region*, Gentlemen, I lye  
Every Night in a *Storme*, and every Morning  
Do rise in perfect *Thunder*; Then my sleeps  
Are but my dayes feares, which do walke, and then

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Present themselves in *Visions*. Two Armies usually  
 Joyne Battle in my *Dreames*; where I behold  
 Thine, His, My Braines knockt out. And when I wake,  
 Wonder to find my selfe with all my Limbs;  
 Feele for my other Legge suspect my eyes  
 When they informe me I have both Armies.  
*Neand.* I've slept but twice e're since the newes came that  
*Enrymedon* was landed, And then I had  
 The strangest *Dreames* too. My man found mee scaling  
 My Curtaines for a fort: Killing my Pillow;  
 And entring Duel with my Breeches Last night  
 Me thought wee Three (pray Heaven avert the Omen )  
 Were shut up here ith' City. And besieg'd thought  
 By the Hangings of my Chamber *Call:* How? *Neand.* Me  
 The *Trojan* faces were all turn'd to *Thracians*.  
 And in this Siege, I dream't, that You, and Hee,  
 Forc'd by the Famine, wee'd resol'd to be  
 My *Cannibals* and eat mee *Art:* I doe feele,  
 One of my *Sarloynes* going. *Call:* Well, what followed?  
*Neand:* At last you cast Dice on my Body, which  
 Part should be eaten first: And after all  
 Concluded on my Head. and Purtenance. (men,  
*Call:* : These are the fruites of Thee very: Thus 'tis Gentile-  
 When Kings can't Love the common way, but must  
 Needs couple without Friends consent, and draw  
 A Hue and Crye of fourty thousand after 'em.  
*Neand:* True, *Callias:* I doe maintain that Armies  
 Plundering of Townes and ravishing of Virgins,  
 As naturally follow a good Face  
 Stolne, as this was, as Aches doe your Wenching.  
 Or as your Taylor, *Artips,* follows you  
 With an old Bill unclear'd. *Art:* There surely is  
 An unknowne Pleasure in all Matrimony  
 which carries danger with it. Else, why should Men  
 So itch to steale their Wives? Our Neighbour *Troy*  
 Is, Gentlemen, a sad example. If  
 This prove a *Smocks-Warre* of some ten yeares long;  
 Or if *Roxane* be the *Comet*, and

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The burning of *Bithynia* the bright blaze  
Which shee drawes after her, we cannot helpe it.  
How staud you two affected to the Warre?

*Call:* Troth, I should like the Campe well, if the Fields  
Did bring forth Feather-beds: Or if the Streames,  
Like those oth' *Golden age*, did run pure Wine.  
Or if Court Meales would every twelve, and seven,  
Observe due howres. But, Gentlemen, to lye  
Halse starv'd with cold, ith' Aire on scarce fresh Greensword,  
Just so match earth to earth; And then to live  
The Life of Nature; or, as some doe call it,  
The life oth' Hardy; Quench my thirst at the  
Next Spring, or Fountaine; Coffin up my selfe  
Each night in Turfe; and thence come forth like one  
Of *Cadmus* Souldiers, sown of *Serpents Teeth*,  
And start forth armed from a furrow, is  
A course, I feare, I shall leave to the valiant. (troope on;

*Nean:* And then the dangers. *Art:* True *Nean*. Here comes a  
And you in honour can't but loose an eye.

An Engine there goes off, and you will show  
Your selfe a Coward unlesse you loose an Arme.  
Here y'are surrounded, and then 'twere base to bring  
More then one shoulder off Gentlemen, Consider  
What a Discredit tis to have a Nose  
After a Battle; Or to walke the Streets

On your owne legs. *Art:* I feele my selfe, already  
Partly compos'd of Flesh, partly of Wood.  
Methinkes I swing betweene two Crutches, like  
One hang'd in Chaines, and tost by th' Winde, I looke  
Within this weeke, to be but halfe the Thing  
You see me Now; The rest lopt off; And I  
Slic'd into Reputation. *Call:* I doe perceive  
Your discreet disaffection to the Warre.

*Neand:* 'Tis but a wise care of our safety; Nature  
Bids us preserve our selves. *Art:* But how *Neander*,  
How, without losse of fame, can we avoid  
To accompany the King? *Neand:* Why, breifly thus.  
The King intends to send the *Princesses*

Over to the *Island* as the safer place;  
 And will assigne a thousand for their Guard.  
 Let's get our selves enroll'd ith' Number; so,  
 Besides security, Wee shall enjoy  
 The Company o'th Ladies. *Arr:* Right; And in  
 The absence of their Lords. *Call:* Peace, here they come.

## SCÆNA II.

*To them Archidamus, Roxane, Barsene, Oritbya, Thale-  
 stris, Polydamas, Lyncestes, Theagines, Meleager.*

*Arch:* You see your Nuptials, *Bright Roxane*, and  
 What choyce y'have made. I thought to have brought you to  
 A Court and Palace, Where your entertainment  
 Would have beene only Songs of Virgins; Poets  
 Crown'd and adorn'd with Gyrlands; Sacrifices  
 Striving to make our Streets but one perfume;  
 And taking from our sight our Temples, with  
 The numerous Clouds of Incense which they scatter,  
 And send forth from their breathing Altars; And  
 No other sounds heard but my Peoples shout,  
 And acclamations for your wisht arrivall.  
 But you perceive y'are landed in a *Campe*;  
 And your first step upon the shore proves to you  
 A most unnaturall Seige. If for a *Brother*  
 Thus to pursue a *Sister* be unnaturall.

*Roxan:* Had you had his Consent, Sir, and no storme  
 Follow'd your transportation of me from  
 His Court to yours; but had you, undisturbed,  
 Untroubled, in the progresse of your Love,  
 Proceeded to the *Temple*, There joyn'd hands,  
 And marcht the common way of Princes where  
 All that's requir'd to make the Wedding Day  
 Solemne, are Tapers, Banquets, Revels, Musicke,  
 'T had beene a Dreame, no Marriage; our soft Joyes  
 Would have lost both their edge and appetite.  
 That which you call unnaturall in my Brother,

I looke

*The Amorous Warre.*

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I looke on as a favour ; Thanke him for  
 The Argument he lends mee to expresse  
 How much more Deare your Dangers make you to mee.  
 Beleeve mee, Great *Archydamus*, the fire  
 You kindled in my heart, when in those still,  
 Quiet, silent nights you first did wooe mee, was  
 But a weake Sparke, compar'd to the large Flame  
 Which this Warre kindles in mee. I behold  
 Now a new amiablenesse in You ; And  
 Looke on you through this Tempest, which is ray'd  
 For my sake, as one made more Lovely to mee.  
 And with the same content doe take delight  
 To mingle Sufferings, as Nuptials with you.  
 Nor should I thinke my selfe your Queene, unlesse  
 With the same equall Minde, I could goe halfe  
 In perils, as in Kingdomes with you. *Arch.* Still  
 You do speake like your selfe, *Roxane*, Still  
 Breath words, which sweeten Dangers, and provoke mee  
 To court them in their worst and dreadfull'st shape ;  
 As things, without which, I should want fit Matter  
 To merit by, or some way make my selfe  
 Worthy of her for whom I undertake them.  
 Nor will I doubt of victory, where I  
 Have such a brave *Inspirer*. Had I beene  
 Borne cold, or sent into the World a Coward,  
 Such a faire second, such a beauteous Cause,  
 Would strike a valiant Heart into me ; And  
 Were my Sea cover'd with as many Shippes,  
 As anchor'd before *Troy* ; or should an Army,  
 As vast, and numerous as his, who dranke  
 Up *Rivers* in his passage, and joyn'd *Europe*  
 To *Asia* with his fleet invade mee, I  
 Assisted with your Vertues should not doubt *Enter Enrim.*  
 But to return with Conquest. Who are these ? *Clis. Hipp.*  
*Lyncest* Th' Embassadors sent from the Prince of *Thrace*,  
 To demand restitution of their *Princesses*.  
*Ar.* Admit 'em to our presence. *Pol.* The King expects you.

SCENA

## The Amorous Warre.

## SCENA III.

To them *Eurymedon*, disguis'd like an Embassadour, *Chyrus*, *Hyppocles*.

*Archid*: We are now prepar'd to hear your Embassy;  
Your Prince's pleasure? *Clyt*: By us, *Archidamnus*,  
With all the freedome which an injur'd Prince  
Can use towards Him that wrong'd Him, He lets you know,  
That 'tis no thirst, or covetous Ambition,  
T'enlarge his Territories, or to seeke conquest there,  
Where 'tis as easie for him to o'rcome  
Almost as say so, which hath provok't him  
Thus to invade your Kingdome; But a just sense,  
And apprehension of the blot, and staine,  
Which Annals and posterity ( Besides  
The scorne oth' present Age) must stick upon  
His sluggish memory, if He coldly should  
Sleepe o're his Infamy; or let you breake  
The Lawes of Hospitality; and abuse  
His Court, in carrying away a prize  
More deare to him then his Kingdom, unrevenge'd.  
For though you may pretend Love for your boldnesse;  
Or say the *Princesse* was an *Aetor* in  
Her Amorous stealth, (which yet Hee much suspects,  
And she must blush r'acknowledge) He saies, Herein  
You doe but guild your Crime; For what you call  
*Affection* He calls *Rape*; And saies, He hopes,  
You'l pardon Him, if He doe looke upon You,  
Not as a *Guest*, but *Robber*; One that came not  
To fetch a *Queene*, but to transport a *prey*. (Hee

*Archid*: Is this all? *Eurym*: He addes farther, that though  
Confesse Himselfe inferiour to the loud  
Fame of your *Sisters* Beauty; To which nought  
Can be a Match but her owne vertues; yet,  
When Hee lookes on the Story of his Ancestours;  
From which he thinkes Hee hath not yet degenerated;

When

## The Amorous Warre.

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When hee considers ( without boasting ) that  
 He's borne to a Kingdome , to which yours hath beene  
 ( Be't spoke without contempt ) a *Tributary* ;  
 But chiefly, when he searcheth his owne mind,  
 And findes nought Hostile there ; but a pure fire ,  
 Kindled from the report of the admir'd  
 Inflaming, rayes, diffus'd from her bright eyes ,  
 He thinkes you trespassse against love , Sir, to  
 Obey an angry, conquer d, old mans Will,  
 Made in the passion of his Overthrow ,  
 Although your Father, and to refuse a suite  
 More noble, and open, then your owne ; And whil'st  
 Y<sup>e</sup> are pious , shew your selfe revengefull too.

*Hippoc* : Briefly Sir, therefore whether it were force,  
 Or Combination , ( For which to call it  
 He saies he knowes not ) unlesse you will restore  
*His Sister* , or repare him with your owne ,  
 He saies, he is resolv'd either to fall  
 A willing sacrifice to his wrong'd Honour,  
 Or build his unglad satisfaction on  
 The Ruines of your Country. And to this  
 He doth require your Answer. *Archid*: Were *Roxane*  
 A *Hellen*, ( as she's not in ought I know  
 But her great Beauty ) Or were I a *Paris* ;  
 ( Who find my selfe none but ith' numerous fleet  
 Brought after me ) Had I been entertain'd  
 A Prince, by a Prince, Sir, at your Masters Court,  
 And, in his absence, had first loosely tempted  
 To my unlawfull bed , then stolne his Wife ;  
 I do confesse 'twere just for him to cite  
 The breath of Hospitality, and t'invoke  
 The Gods of Weddings , and Marriages against me.  
 And I, till I restor'd th' unlawfull prey ,  
 Should looke upon my selfe , not as a *Guest*,  
 But *Ravisher*. But if I came a Suitor ,  
 And brought a flame as pure, as holy , as  
 That which burnes on his *Altars* ; If the *Princesse*.  
 Her owne free Empresse did vouchsafe to meet

B

Mine

Mine with the like pure, amorous, equall fire:  
 If I have since preserv'd her honour; kept  
 Her white, and spotlesse as a *V. stall*, still  
 Approach't her presence with the same religion  
 As I would places consecrate, or Temples,  
 Whil'st thus He doe's pursue my harmlesse Love,  
 With Words farre more injurious then his Armies,  
 With the like freedome You may tell Him, I'me  
 The injur'd Prince. And though I grant his Father  
 Once conquer'd mine, and wee paid Tribute, ( which  
 Hee does not nobly to upbrayd ) It may be  
 My turne to conquer next. Nor is the Bay  
 Planted so firmly on his head, but that  
 A good cause may remove it, and mak't mine.  
 As for our close departure from his Court,  
 Which he brands with the stile of *Rape* and *Theft*;  
 You must assist me, Madam; was I your pyrate,  
 Or Servant? Did I lead you away Captive,  
 Or conspire with you? *Rox:* Sir 'twere one wrong more  
 Offer'd to your vertues, And I should transgresse  
 Against my cleare Affections, not to say,  
 The plot was halfe mine, you did reveal your thoughts,  
 With so much generous heat, so worthy of me,  
 That I had no way left t'expresse my selfe  
 As generous too, but to mix flame with flame;  
 And to require you with this poore returne,  
 To make your Country mine; And there to thinke  
 My selfe a Princessse onely, where I might  
 Call you my Prince. *Arch:* Then, for my Sister,  
 I am no Tyrant like your Master, Sir,  
 To claime a sway o're her Affections; Nor  
 Doe count her Will ich' number of my Subjects.  
 She has free Liberty to make her choice;  
 And can best answer you. Onely she will,  
 I hope remember, if there be a reverence  
 Due to the words of dying Parents; Or if  
 The last, short, breath were sacred, which bequeath'd her  
 To th'Prince of *Thessaly*, she can't consent



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Vnto your Masters Suite, and not disturbe  
Her Fathers *Shade*, to call him from his *Urne*,  
To be a greiv'd Spectator of her Nuptials.

*Barsen.* Besides Sir, as a stranger to a stranger,  
Pray beare a *Princesse* message to your *Prince*.  
Tel Him He comes not nobly, thus t'invade  
Her whom he loves; or strive to make Her His  
By a forc't Conquest. He's the first I've read of  
Who Woo'd a Lady with an Army by;  
Or put a ponyard to his Miltrisse breast,  
And then desir'd t'appeare gracious.  
Wee looke for soster Courtships; Humble prayers;  
Sighes which confesse the Breather is our Captive.  
I have no Beauty to entice him to  
Lay down his forces. But if he come unarm'd,  
In Person, (For I doe not like *State Love*,  
Or to be woo'd by an *Embassadour*,)  
If He bring with him noble purposes,  
Such as my *Brothers* were, tell him, perhaps,  
I shall as nobly heare him. Meane time, his *Sister*,  
And I expect some penance from him, for  
Thus Troubling of our Peace. *Eur.* Doe you enioyne  
The Chaine, or Fetters, 'twill be his glory Madam,  
To weare them as your prisoner,

*Exeunt* } *Eurym.*  
                  } *Clir. Hyp.*

### SCÆNA IV.

*Archidamus, Roxane, Barsine, Polydamas.*  
*Lencestes, Theagines, Meleager,*  
*Orithya, Thalesfris.*

*Archid:* ----- Have you prepar'd  
The Ships, *Lyncestes*, to convey the *Ladies*  
Over to th' *Island*? *Lync:* They are ready Sir,  
And only doe expect their beauteous fraught.  
The *Ladies* Sir, will looke like *Goddesses*

Borne of the Sea. *Archid:* And have you made, *Polydamas*,  
 The *Castle* fit to entertaine them? *Polyd:* Sir,  
 The *Ladies* lock't up in a *Brassen Tower*  
 Were not more safe? 'Tis now a place where pleasure  
 Dwels joyn'd with Strength. It only wants their presence.  
 To be a *Fort* without, within a *Pallace*.

*Arch:* You are turn'd young againe, My Lords; you speake  
 So amorously I do begin to doubt  
 Whether you may be trusted with a charge  
 So dangerously inflaming. *Polyd:* Sir, our sonnes  
 Can promise for us, we intend no sieges  
 Against their beauties, in your absence; All  
 Our Batteries to good faces were long since  
 Spent on their mothers. *Arch:* Wee dare venture you  
 Your sonnes, *Theagines* and *Melcagor*,  
 Shall goe with us to the Field. *Rox:* And will you then,  
 Deprive mee of the Glory Sir, of being  
 A sharer in your dangers? I endur'd  
 The Sea with you; Why should you thinke I am  
 More timorous to endure the Land? *Arch:* Because  
 The Land's now more tempestuous then the Sea.  
 For that smiled on your passage; And the Waves,  
 As if they had teemed with a second *Venus*,  
 Or understood the sweetnesse of their burden,  
 Grew calme, serene, and *Halcyon*. But here  
 You will expose your selfe to Night Alarmes,  
 Day Battles; and runne hazards where the blinde  
 Sword can't distinguish 'twixt the fair and fouse;  
 See men act Wolves parts, and behold a spectacle,  
 Not fit for your soft Sex, Men false, and dying,  
 Striving to kill their killers and depart  
 With mutuall slaughter. *Rox:* What difference is there  
 Betwixt the eye, and fancy, but onely this  
 That dangers to the Absent still shew greater?  
 When I make these descriptions of my selfe,  
 And thinke you in the midst, though no Spectatour,  
 I shall as truly suffer. My owne Thoughts  
 Of you will passe for Battles; And my seares,

Where

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Where e're you place mee, will be fights and sieges,  
 You could not deale more cruelly, should you  
 Restore me to my Brother, then thus divorce  
 Me from your Company. Besides, It is  
 My Cause you fight for; I've an interest  
 Going in the Warre; And will you, Sir, deny mee  
 The poore content of binding up your Wounds  
 Received for mee? *Bars:* Madam, you'l give me leave,  
 Here to strive with you; I've a Cause going too.  
 Let me Sir, joyne in the request, that you  
 Will take us with you. If there be no other  
 Use of us, We'l help to put on your Armes,  
 And take them off. *Meleag:* If our two Wives do joyne  
 In the Petition, with their *Chambermaids*,  
 They'l make a *Female Regiment*. *Theag:* I looke  
 My Wife within these three dayes shall be *Knighted*.

*Melag:* And I that mine be made a *Collonel*.

*Arch:* Alas you know not what you aske; pray tell me,  
 How would a Spear shew in your hand *Roxane*?  
 Or *Sister*, How d'you thinke it would become you  
 To weild a Pike? or weare a sword? Or how  
 Could I looke on my selfe, but as a guilty  
 Betrayer of you. if the chance of Warre  
 Should snatch you from mee? Or you two be made  
 Part of the Conquerours *Triumph*? Come; I have  
 Provided gentler entertainments for you.  
 Your wishes will supply your presence; and  
 Put Wings unto my Victory. *Rox.* 'Tis part  
 Of my love Sir, to be obedient.

*Exeunt.*

## S C Æ N A V.

*Theagines, Meleager, Orithyâ, Thalastris.*

*Theag:* What? You expect we should be solemne now,  
 And take a ceremonious farewell of you?

*Orith:* We should not else thinke we have civill husbands;

B 3

To

To leave us bluntly; or as *Souldiers* court  
 Their *Mistresses*; who scarce do aske consent (selves  
 But fall to th'businesse. *Mel*: Well, looke you shew your  
 Our true *Wives* in our absence. If you should,  
 To ease retirement, and divert the *Melancholly*  
 Of *Solitude*, weave us a fine *Court Lawrell*  
 To Crowne our Victories at our returne—  
 You understand *Thalestris*? *Thal*: Sir, we hope  
 You are not jealous; you will place no Spies,  
 To register who visits us. *Theag*. No Lady;  
 But Stories speake of certaine strange things done,  
 By *Ladies* in th'absence of their *Lords*.

*Thal*: They speake Sir, of as strange things done by *Lords*  
 In th'absence of their *Ladies*. *Mel*: If we should  
 Slip from the Campe sometimes, and steale a night,  
 I hope you would not shut your Castle gates  
 Against us would you? *Orinth* 'Tis as we heare report  
 Whither y'are valiant. I disdaine a Coward  
 Though't be my *Husband*. *Thal* And I. *Theag*: And in these  
 Stout, generous thoughts we leave you. *Orish*: Looke I doe  
 Winne reputation by you. *Mel*: Farewell *Thalestris*.

*Thal*: Remember, Sir, You doe things worthy of mee.

*Exeunt* } *Theag*:  
 } *Meleag*:

# SCENA VI.

*To them Callias, Neander, Artops.*

*Call*: Ladies, we have a small suite to you which  
 Concernes your selves. *Orinth*: 'Twill the more easily  
 Be granted, Sir what is't? *Neand*: 'Tis, that you'l speake  
 To th'King, we may stay, and be listd Guards  
 Vnto your persons in these times of Danger.

*Arr*: 'Tis no plot Ladies, to decline the War;  
 But to doe service to you here at home;  
 And to defend you 'gainst Assaults. *Thal*: That, Sir,  
 The Fort will doe, and the strong Walls oth' Castle.

*Call*:

*Call:* Troth, Madam, we begge this in pity to you.  
How will you spend your Dayes, *Ladies* with *Ladies*,  
And but two reverend old *Mal:s* among you?

*Neand:* Either you must betake your selves to your *needles*,  
And worke the Seige of *Troy* o're; or the Traggedy  
Of *Hero* and *Leander*, in sad Stitches;  
Or else betake your selves to your spindle, like  
*Penelope*, and sing the adventures of  
Your absent Husbands to a distaffe, and  
Beguile the Houres in flax. *Call:* Or else you must  
Hire some old, frosty, cold *Philosopher*,  
To read on flower's t'you, every time you walke  
Into the Garden, and convert their Colours  
Into Your Lectures. Show You why the *Primrose*  
Is pale, and why rhe *Marigold* is red. (*consider,*

*Art:* Then for your Nights—*Call:* True, *Ladies*, Doe but  
How you will spend your Nights? *Art:* Watch how your  
Forsaken, Taper wastes it selfe, and pines (*lone,*  
Away, out oth' meere sense it hath to burne

So fruitlessly, till it consume it selfe (*keep you*  
Into its owne Darknesse? *Neand:* Or shall your *Women*  
Awake with amorous Tales? Troth, *Ladies* Story  
Is a dead Thing, if not reduc'd to practise.

Say, to delude the tediousnesse oth' Night,  
You should share ith' same bed. Two oth' same Sex,  
Make but one in th' affaires of Love. *Thal:* We see  
Y'have studied our case for us Truth is, Gentlemen,  
The lists are full already. *Orinth:* Besides, 'twould breed  
Suspitions in our Husbands So we leave you.

*Exeunt.*

*Call:* We are defeated, Gentlemen; *Neand:* what remedy?

*Art:* By that time they've layne fallow but three Nights  
They will send after, and petition us. (*on;*

*Call:* Come let's prepare to goe with th' King. *Neand:* Lead  
Necessity breed's resolution.

ACTVS

## ACTUS. II. SCÆNA I.

Enter severally two old *Citizens* frighted.

1 *Cit.* Oh Neighbour— 2 *Cit.* What's the newes. Sir?

1 *Cit.* Heavy newes, Oh Sir—

2 *Cit.* Out with it. 1 *Cit.* Neighbour, I doe looke  
Within this house not to be worth a Spirit,  
Brasse pot, or a Childs whistle; or to be able,  
To call this aged Sattin doublet mine.

In which I've borne five *Pratorships*. The enemy  
Hath taken the *Island*, burnt the Castle, and (who scap'te,  
The Ladies in't. 2 *Cit.* How? 1 *Cit.* One of their Guard  
Heard six of 'em cry out for water. And  
They are sailing towards the City. 2 *Cit.* I'le home presently,  
And hide my money. It came from the Earth,  
And shall a while thither returne againe. (They say,

1 *Cit.* That will not serve the turne. 2 *Cit.* Noe? 1 *Cit.* Noe;  
There is one ship laden with nought but Engines  
To torture those who doe refuse to tell  
Where they have hid their Wealth. I feele my fingers  
Already squeez'd 'twixt pincers; Irons hissing  
At the soles of my feet; My body caught  
Up into th'Aire by the *Strapado*, Trickes  
Showne on my Limbs; My bones tost out of joint,  
And finely tost, and rackt in joint again.

2 *Cit.* To prevent this, and to defeat their tortures,  
I'le choose my owne death, and eene hang my selfe,

## SCÆNA. II.

To them enter two *Women Citizens*,

1 *Wom.* What pittie 'tis that such fine Ladies should  
Have such untimely ends. 1 *Cit.* D'you heare? The newes  
Is certaine; They are burnt. 2 *Cit.* I doe perceive it. (nies,  
Pray Hearke. 2 *Wom.* They say Great people have their Desti-

As

*The Amorous Warre.*

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As well as Meener. And they that are borne  
Under a Watry Planet, to be drown'd,  
Shall ne're dye in their beds. 2 *Cir*: Are then, the Ladies  
Drown'd, Gentlewoman? 2 *Wom*: Not cast away by wrack, sir.  
It seemes the Enemy way layd the Shippes  
That carryed'em, and lunke'em. 1 *Cir*: But is this certaine?

1 *Wom*: Most certaine Sir, my Husbands journeyman  
Came just now from the Port, and saw ten of  
Their bodies swim downe with the Tide. 2 *Cir*: And what  
D'you heare oth' Enemies comming? 1 *Wom*: They have sent  
A most strange Message to the city, Sir. (*Burgeses*)

1 *Cir*: What is't, I pray? 1 *Wom*: Why, Sir, that all rich  
Must put themselves in Tribes; And in their chaines,  
And scarlet Gownes, some three houres hence, must, in  
A solemne, grave, procession, two, and two,  
Your Officers before you, with their Maces,  
T'enrich the entertainment, meet them at  
Their Landing, where together with your chaines,  
Y'are to resigne the Keyes to your chests,

2 *Wom*: And, then, for us; They do demand that all  
Who are not rich but yet have handsome Wives,  
Shall yeild them up. How do you thinke, Sir, will  
The Souldiers deale with us, like Women? 1 *Wom*: I do  
So feare their boisterousnesse. Will they, thinke you,  
Strip us and leave us naked? Or be content  
To ravish us, and let us goe? 2 *Wom*: Looke, here  
Doe's come my servant *Pistoclerus*: he

Enter *Pistoc*:  
Can tell us more. What newes deare servant *Pist*: Fly, fly,  
The Prince is overthrowne; The Ladies are  
All taken Prisoners: The Enemy is enter'd  
Halfe way into the city; Your two Houses  
By this are ranlack't; I saw divers loads  
Of Jewels, Plate, and Hangings, carryed out.

1 *Cir*: But good, but good Sir, is this true? *Pist*: Is my  
Name, *Pistoclerus*? 1 *Cir*: Yes, Sir. *Pist*: Then 'tis true.  
Make haste and save your Daughters, or they'll else  
Be put to ransomes for their Maidenheads. (ever

1 *Cir*: We thanke you Sir. Come Neighbour. 2 *Cir*: Oh that  
C I did

I did live to be rich, or see these Dayes.

*Exeunt 2 Cit:*

*Pist:* Your husbands too are seiz'd on, And are threatned  
To be put to the Rack, unlesse they will (them.)

Produce their Wives. *1 Wom:* Wee'l make hast to relieue

*2 Wom:* I take my leave; And shall be glad to see you  
Sometimes ith' Suburbs Sir, *Pist:* I'll follow you.

*Exeunt Women.*

*Pist:* This is call'd *Comædy*, raised from *Tragedy*.

Never was City in such tumult, as

I have put this into. The women want

Nothing but speares, circled with Ivy, to hold

A perfect feast to *Bacchus*. And to beate

Their Pans, and Kettles, up and downe the streets,

Instead of Drums, and Cymbals. The men have all

Armed themselves with what came next to hand.

I saw a Troope of Butchers marching downe

Their Shambles with their Cleavers. After them

Follow'd a Regiment of Taylors with

Their Yeards, and Bodkins. In the reare, a Company

Of Shoemakers with Awles. Each trade takes Armes

Within its owne profession. Now will I follow

My Suburbe Mistresse; whose husband is content

To make one oth' fiftene of us; And doth

Connive by turnes. The tamest fellow, and

So little owner of his own Wife, that

He verily beleeves he Cuckolds us

When he lyes with her. Amongst us there is One

Maim'd Souldier, with one legge, who still payes double;

And goes to bed to her with a stirrope? 'Tis

The common'st, and the prating'st Varlet, she

Cals me her *Charilus*. I her my *Lycoris*.

She makes me tell her newes whole dayes together:

Which I, her sponge, do sucke up in my travels

From Company to Company, and doe

Enlarge with my Additions, and Notes politicke;

And then as severally disperse; And so

Draw Custome to her House; which she cal's pay.

SCENA



SCÆNA III.

*Lynceſſes, Polydamas.*

*Lync:* This muſt needs be conſpiracy; there is  
A Riddle in't my Lord, which you and I  
Cannot unfold. It muſt be Time, the Mother  
Of Truth, which muſt expound this Myſtery;  
How ſhould they draw their Fleet up elſe? By what  
Inſtinct, or marke ſhould they know ſo exactly  
The Ship the Ladies were in, As if they  
Had hung their Petticoats for ſailes up, or  
Had turn'd their Gownes to ſtreamers? Single it out  
From all the reſt, and take 'em? As if one  
Oth' Princeſſes had been a ſigne oth' Veſſell,  
And ſtood forth for the *Roxane*, or *Barſene*,  
Inſtead oth' *Centaure*, *Andromeda*, or *Caſtor*?

*Polyd.* They did not bring a *Thracian* Prophet with them,  
Or call *Tyrefias* from the *Elyſian* Groves,  
To be their Oracle, to-tell them juſtly  
The Criticall Point, and Minure of our paſſage.  
'Tis now juſt ſtealth for ſtealth; our King transported  
One paire of black eyes, and they've ſeized a Carricke,  
And Ship full of them. *Lync.* I will ſtraight put to Sea,  
In their purſuit. If they be not transform'd  
Into *Sea-Nymphs*; Or hide their watry Deities  
'Mongſt Eeles, and Dolphins, I will reſcue them.

*Polyd.* 'Twill concerne me to ſtay here, and compoſe  
Thoſe Frights oth' City; which this newes hath put  
Into a poſture of Confuſion.

At your returne we will to th' King; And let  
Him know the accident. Meane time, In hope  
You'll bring them home true Ladies, as they went,  
That's humane Ladies, purely made of Fleſh;  
Or elſe true *Mermaids*; that is, Ladies made  
Halfe Fiſh, halfe Fleſh, I'll ſtop all Meſſengers.  
The newes will but diſturb his Victories.

*Exeunt.*

SCÆNA

## SCENA IV.

Enter *Clytus* and *Hyppocles* with *Orithya*, *Thalastria*,  
*Menalippe* and *Marthesia* like Amazon Captives,  
 shackled with Golden Fetters, and pinnion'd  
 with silken cords, two & two as in a Wood.

*Clyt.* Could you imagine you could carry your  
 Designe in clouds, and change your shapes, like Spirits,  
 And take what formes you please, and we not know it?

*Hypp.* Alas we had our plot going too; our spies  
 Gave us intelligence, where, when to seize you.  
 'Tis not unknowne to us, you called a Councell  
 Of Warre; in which, without your husbands knowledge,  
 You did resolve to put your selves in Armes,  
 And fight against us. We can tell you that  
*Roxane* was to be your Generall;  
*Barsine* Captaine of the Engines; You,  
 Lady *Ulysses*, were to command the Horse,  
 This Lady *Hector* the foot; and these two, here,  
 Were to be Scouts by Night, by day your Squires,  
 To beare your Targets after you. *Orith:* Y<sup>e</sup> have had  
 A noble Conquest of it, to surprize  
 A company of poore weake Women. Is this  
 The valour of your Nation, to proceed  
 By plot and stratagem 'gainst such as us?

*Clyt:* These are Warre Arts. *Thal:* Or is this noble usage,  
 To fetter us, and cast us into Chaines?

You could but Manacle your slaves thus. *Clyt.* We  
 Do but observe the Law of Armes towards those  
 Whom we do take in Armes. *Orith.* Does then the Law  
 Bid you keepe no distinction betweene Sexes?

*Hypp:* Yes, where the persons whom we conquer do.  
 But you have lost your priviledge; and put off  
 Your Sex for ours *Clyt.* We looke not on you now,  
 As vanquish't Ladies, but as vanquish't Captaines;  
 And so must use you, *Orith:* Alas, what's your intent?

Is't

Is't to enrich your selves with our poore spoyles ?

*Thal.* If Plunder be your aime, pray take our Jewels ;  
Bestow them on your Mistresses , at your  
Returne ; And tell them how generously , how stoutly,  
You purchast them ; Say you betrayd the Wearers  
First, and then rifled'em. *Orish:* Pray strip us ; And  
Let us redeem our Liberty with the

Poore ransome of ous cloathes. *Clyt:* You are deceiv'd ;  
Our purposes are much more high, and noble  
Then to raise booty from you, Theeves conquer so.  
Our custome is, when wee take Prisoners, to  
Lead them in Triumph through our *Thracian* streets ;  
Your Beauties, thus adorned, will save the charge  
Of gilded Pageants, to entertaine the People.

*Thal:* Must we be made a show, then, to delight (welcome  
Your wives and children? *Clyt.* How should they make us  
At our returne else? *Hypp:* Could we take your fields,  
And townes, and citties, and Rivers Prisoners too,  
And could transport them with us, these we should  
Make part oth' Triumph; but because we cannot,  
What Nature makes impossible, we do  
Supply with Art. And lead them painted ; and  
The Pencill doth present in colours, what  
The Truth of Things denies. *Clyt.* Then for your persons,  
Being our lawfull captives ; 'Tis our custome  
To give you to our Ladies, to be their slaves  
In ordinary, To starch, and to belong  
Unto their Laundries, and so we do divide  
Our conquests with them. But because we will  
Deale honourably with you, we intend  
To use you as our other Wives ; you shall  
Be seconds in the pleasures of our Beds.

*Hypp.* I do presume such Warlike Ladies, as  
Your selves, must have read *Homer* ; you shall be  
My *Brisis*, I your *Agamemnon*. *Clyt.* You  
My *Chrysis*, I your stout *Achilles* ; These  
Two white the *Myrmidons* will serve to raise  
A Breed between them and our Pages. *Orish:* Sir,

Have you a sense of Noblenesse? *Clyt.* Yes Lady,  
And you shall find it. *Orith.* Finish your Conquest, then,  
And take a life I'm weary of. I am  
Your Prisoner, Let me be your slaughter too.

*Thal.* Shew your selves equally as valiant in  
Our Death, at our Surprize. Take a fraile breath,  
Which, to enjoy, with these conditions, will  
Adde new weights to our Thraldome; and you will  
Afflict us with our preservation.

*Orith.* By your owne Lady, Sir, if you have one,  
Let me beseech you, kill me; I will be farre  
More noble then to love me. *Thal.* Every houre  
We live your Captives, thus, will seem an age  
Of Infamy. *Menal.* Madam, Let's stand upon  
Our Naturall Defence; They are but two  
Against us foure. *Marth.* Let's Mutiny, and by  
Our owne swords free our selves. They've onely  
A Heart to take us trecherously like Theeves;  
But dare not fight with us. *Clyt.* What would you do  
Pretty Serjant Major Damsell were you loose,  
Who are thus valiant in your Shackles? *Hypp.* Now  
You'l know your Doomes. Here comes our Prince with his  
Faire brace of Prisoners.

## SCENA V.

*To them Eurymedon Roxane, Barsene,  
like Amazons, as in a Wood.*

*Eurym.* ——— Y're the first Lady, Madam,  
That e're yet bore such armes against her Lover.  
I thought to find your Quiver in your Lookes,  
Not hanging at your backe; and to encounter  
No Shafts or arrows, but those bright ones shot  
From your faire eyes. Thus doubly arm'd you have  
Taken a course to make mee twice your Captive.

*Bars.* You show, Sir, how you love me thus to stile  
Your selfe the prisoner, of your prisoner.

Y're

Y<sup>e</sup>are the first Prince I've read of, (If I may  
Call you a Prince, who by this act have showne  
Your selfe s<sup>t</sup>unlike one) who first did surprize  
His Mistresse, and then Wooed her : Or bound her first.  
Then told her that he loved her. Wilde *Salvages*,  
And lustfull *Satyres* court thus: Who do know  
No difference betwixt their Loves, and Rapes :  
But call a rude force Kindnesse; Thinke th<sup>e</sup>are amorous  
Ith<sup>e</sup>midst of violence; And call't Loves fire,  
And flame, which is a foule intemperate heate,  
Kindled from every thing that's faire; on which  
They looke not as'tis faire, or amiable,  
But as it may be fullyed and contribute  
Unto their beastly satisfaction.

*Eurym*: I hope you thinke not, Madam, I'll make use  
Of this advantage so barbarously, as  
T<sup>e</sup>attempt your person?

----- *Barf*: That were a crime, which would  
Provoke the Gods, which doe inhabit these  
Quiet, hallowed shades, to take revenge upon you.  
And you would trespasse 'gainst the place, as well  
As'gainst your honour. *Eurym*: I do confesse you are,  
To an irregular eye, wholly compos'd  
Of sweet enticements. A thousand Beauties fly  
From you, at every looke in soft Temptations.  
And from a minde which knowes no holier use  
Of such a heavenly forme, but first to cover,  
And then t<sup>e</sup>njoy, there might be danger; and  
The assailer might excuse his fault from that  
Which left him not himselfe, but snatcht him to  
Forbidden pleasures. But I doe looke upon you  
With other eyes. As y<sup>e</sup>are to me a *Venus*,  
And strike a warme flame in me, so you are  
*Diana* too, and do infuse a chaste,  
Religious coldnesse. You do not onely stand  
Before me safe as in a Circle, made  
By your owne charmes; But do incircle me  
With the same Vertuous spels. *Barf*: I yet scarce thinke.

My

Myselfe secure, when I thinke you my Pyrate.

*Eurym:* You'l finde the enterprize deserves a name  
More gentle, when you know my Sister went  
Halfe Pyrate with me. I had no other way  
To gaine a free, and innocent accessse.  
To enter your castle had beene impossible;  
Vnlesse, like *Ioue*, I had transform'd my selfe  
Into a *Showre*, and rained my selfe downe from  
The Skies into your presence. *Barf:* Had you a hand  
In my betraying, then? *Rox:* If for one Lady  
To contrive service for another; Or if  
T'assist a Brother in his Vertuous Love  
Be to betray, I do confesse *Barsene*,  
I'me a conspiratour. Or if he breake  
Conditions, and make this ignoble use  
Of such a favour, having had his Audience,  
Not to reitore us to our Liberty,  
I am betrayed too. They were first my Letters  
Which drew him from his Country with a Fleet,  
In show for my pursuit, but in reality,  
T'enjoy this interview, and make his eyes  
The Judges of the picture I made of you;  
Or whether I err'd not in my discriptions, or  
Presented you by a false partiall light,  
When I discipher'd you just such another  
As he doth now behold you. *Barf:* Is this true Sir?  
*Eurym:* Witnesse ye Gods if among all your Worshippers,  
There be one who contemplates your Divine,  
Invisible, Shapelesse substances with a  
More awfull reverence, or paies Devotion  
To *Powers* he sees not with a stronger servour,  
Then I did to you, Madam: whom I did  
Adore before I saw; And you had then  
A perfect Shrine, and Temple in me, where  
I did frame such *Idea's* of you so pure,  
So free from these grosse figures which do stirre  
The vulgar admiration, that, if I said,  
A *Minde* was worshipt by a *Minde*, And that

My thoughts supply'd the place of Sacrifices,  
Which flew betweene us; And, like winged prayers,  
Maintain'd a sacred Entercourse, & traffique,  
With the Originall of of what I fancy'd,  
I doe but rudely, but halfe expresse my selfe.

*Barf.* You make me blush. *Enr.* But when in the disguise  
Of my *Embassadour*, I saw before me  
The *Queen* of Love, veil'd in your beauteous shape;  
VVith all her *Graces*, and winged *Cupids* about her.  
VVhen I beheld all those celestiall *Images*,  
Which I fram'd of your Absence, and ador'd  
Abtracted from you, cloth'd in your faire face,  
If I projected for this houre, or us'd  
The Invention of one struck, to purchase this  
Short Audience from you, you are t' impute th' offence,  
Or boldness, not to me, but unto Nature,  
Who did not make me blind, But sent me in  
To th' world with eyes. *Barf.* If you proceed, I must  
Accuse her, that she gave me ears to hear  
Such praises so misplac'd. *Enr.* Madam, then briefly,  
I claime an interest in you, Love for Love,  
Which that you may grant as a Princess, and I  
Receive it as a Prince, here I doe banish  
All shoves and signes of Hostile force, and doe  
Release you, and your faire Train. You *Hippocles*,  
And *Clytus*, First aske pardon for your cruelty,  
Although but acted, and then unbinde the Ladies.

*Cly.* Madam, I hope you can forgive; If not,  
Please you to take me prisoner, so you will  
Promise my thraldome shall be onely such  
As yours should have been, had we in earnest kept you  
Outright our Captives, I will be content  
To exchange shackles with you. *Hipp.* Pray hold your legs  
A little fairelier, Madam. Methinks we two  
Make the Embleme of the Jealous husband, and (was  
The Handsome wife. *Orish.* How's that Sir? *Hipp.* Why there  
One, who by day still locke his wife in chains,  
And gave her ease by night. *Cly.* You two would faine

*They un-  
bind'em.*



Have your two leggs at large too. *Hipp.* Now your Armes  
Are set at liberty, looke you imploy not  
Your natural weapons against us. *Men.* What are those Sir?

*Hipp.* Your Nails. *Men.* We scorn to scratch. *Eur.* Next,  
Rude Interruption of it, (For when you (after this  
Have Pardon'd it, I still must looke upon  
It as an amorous Crime) I will my selfe  
Continue your safe passage to your *Island*;  
And see you receiv'd in your Castle. *Bar.* That  
Will onely alter our Captivity,  
Not tak't away. We must still thinke our selves  
Your prisoners there, if you bear Armes against us.

*Eurym.* Here, then, To let you see, my purpose is not  
To be an Enemy to your Brother, and  
A Supplicant to you; But that I came  
To carry a *Queen*, not *conquer* home with me,  
I doe resigne my Forces, and lay down  
My selfe, and Armies at your Feet, Bright Princessse;  
Say, what peace would you have? I will refuse  
No Articles, so you be one of them.

*Barfen.* You have exprest your selfe so Nobly, showne  
Such generous Signes of your Intentions, and  
Gain'd such a Conquest o're me by your free,  
And Princely Carriage, That as an earnest of  
Greater returnes, Wee'l make you partner in  
A harmlesse plot we have, which shall conclude  
With all that all we wish. *Rox.* Wee've a Designe  
To try how our surprize takes with our Campe,  
Our Habits and the Art we will put to 'em,  
Will keep us from being knowne. *Barf.* I will deferre  
Your farther satisfaction, or confesse  
How much I am engag'd Sir, to requite  
Your pure Affections with my own, 'till our  
Next Conference. And lest you should beleive,  
(How ere y' have chang'd a Tempest to a calme,  
And make me now in Love with my own fright)  
You not deserve to undergoe some penance  
For making us afraid, your punishment.

Shall



Shall be to fetch my Answer at my Tenr,

*Eurym.* And I shall think't an Age 'till I receive it.

*Exeunt.*

SCENA VI.

*Callias, Neander, Artops.*

*Call.* Did we three ere looke to be Captains? *Nean.* Troth,  
I thought my Marches onely would have been  
To lead a Company of Ladies in  
Court Ranke, and File, unto a Maske, and Play,  
And backe again. *Art.* And as for skirmishes,  
I thought all mine would have proov'd Chamber ones,  
Tongue-Fights. Or if they had proceeded farther  
To th' Drawing of Bloud, at most, Naile-combates. *Call.* I've  
The strangest company of *Voluntaries*;  
All Gentlemen of *Hedges*, and *Highwaies*.  
I doe command an *Hospital*. Of Fifty  
But two have Shirts among 'em; And those worn  
Not as shift, or Things at first ordain'd to be  
Made clean, and washt, but as perpetual Garments;  
Not to be put off 'till They doe forsake  
Their Wearers, Voluntarily, and creep from them.  
That which was linnen once. Time turnes to Troopes.  
I'll undertake could all Quick Things which are,  
*Bithynian*, in our Regiment bear Armes,  
We need not feare the *Persian*. Every Souldier  
Would be a moving *Legion*. *Neand.* My Company,  
Is much like yours. Last Muster, when I reckon'd  
By th' poll, They were Threescore. But when by doublets,  
Scarce Thirty; And these fit for summer Warres.  
A fine, warme, intercourse doth pass between  
Their Skin; and Sun. Farre off They show directly  
Like souldiers of the first Ages, before such Things  
As Clothes, or Garments were invented; Near hand  
You'd think They had held civil conflict, and  
Torne one another thus ragged. If we fight

With th' Enemy; their first great Enterprize  
 Will be for Breeches; The next for Conquest. *Art.* Troth,  
 Mine are not altogether so compleatly  
 Ragged and torne, as yours are. But for Courages  
 And Lookes, I doe perceive a kinde of quiet,  
 Yet understood Conspiracy among them,  
 How not to fight; And can observe a speaking,  
 Sly Combination passe 'twixt face and face,  
 How to escape. Their Marches are divided  
 Between a certain provident care to fly,  
 And fear of hanging. *Call.* And yet these thin-soul'd Rascals  
 Dare mutiny for pay. This morning I  
 Consum'd in hearing greivances. One told me  
 He was this Week preserv'd by Miracle;  
 Liv'd on one bunch of Radishes, which sure  
 He thinkes did multiply from one to many,  
 He had been famisht else. Another told me,  
 A Cheefe had like t'have rais'd Commotion  
 'Twixt him and foure Camerades, which had suffic'd them  
 Foure Dayes. A Third doth verily believe  
 He shall in time reduce his Body to  
 A perfect Habit of eathing nothing; For  
 He doth protest He hath not tasted food  
 These eight and forty houres. *Neand.* Here comes the King.

## S C E N A V I I.

To them *Archidamus, Theagines, Meleager.*

*Arch.* How doe your Works go on, *Theagines*?  
 Are they of Height and Strength enough to keep  
 Us from th' Assaults oth' Enemy, until  
 Our other Forces come? *Theag.* Unless we should  
 Like th' Ancient *Gyants*, who invaded Heaven,  
 Pile Hills on Hills, or compass in our selves  
 With Mountains heap't on Mountains, Sir, we cannot  
 Immure our selves with more Defences, or  
 Raise Guards more strong, or more Impregnable.

*Thag*

That which was er't a Champion Feild is now  
 A perfect Fort. If they have winged Horses,  
 Or feather'd Breed of *Pegasus*, and can  
 Be a flying Army in the Aire, or give  
 Us battle from the Clouds, there is some fear  
 They may surprize us; But by th' common way  
 Of Battery by *Rammes*, or *Engines*, They  
 As well may besiege Rocks, or strive to make  
 Their Souldiers scale Towers. *Arch.* And have you *Meleager*  
 Made true Discovery of their Campe? *Mel.* It seemes  
 They mean to make the plain beyond next Hill,  
 The Scene oth' Fight. I have observ'd from thence  
 Their several *Quarters*; Tents cast into Streets,  
 Painted Pavillions in the midst, and Heart  
 Oth' *Leaguer*, which shew like moveable pallaces;  
 And vie a kinde of bravery with the Sunne,  
 Which shall cast, or reflect the brightest Glory.  
 About these in a decent order stand  
 A Numerous Town of *Tabernacles*, of  
 Less Glitterings, which doe end in a large *Suburbs*  
 Of common souldier Cabbins. Had they brought  
 Their Wives, and Temples with them, it would be  
 A perfect warlike City. *Arch.* You describe  
 The preparations of a Wedding; This  
 Trim shew can't be intended for a fight.  
 Have they secur'd all this with Trenches too?  
 Have they Walls to their painted City? *Mel.* It seemes  
 They mean their number shall supply those, Sir,  
 Unless it were the *Persian* Army, which  
 Was overcome by *Alexander*, where  
 The *Greekes* at once fought, and beheld a Masque,  
 Perform'd by Ladies in gilt Chariots, and where  
 The Souldiers took Directions how to fight  
 From Harpes and Lutes, which play'd between the battles.  
 As between Acts and Entrances, I ne're read  
 Of any expedition which consisted  
 Of so much Spectacle and Number too.

*Arch.* Surely *Enrymedon* hath rais'd these forces

To make an Entertainment for my sister,  
 And make his Conquest of the Ladies show  
 More sweet, and Courtdy. Harke, what means this shout?  
 Go one of you, and see. *Call.* Troth, Sir, if I *Exit. Neand.*  
 May take the humble leave to speak, methinkes  
 You might compose this Warre by Treaty. A Priest,  
 In my poor judgement, Sir, might save much bloud,  
 And joine hands, which divided will joine battels.

*Arch.* You fain would give up your Commission, *Callias,*  
 And be at Court again. *Call.* Troth, Sir, I had  
 Much rather tire my selfe with dancing at  
 Your, and your Sisters Nuptials, then here venture  
 Marts on my transitory Life. Which if  
 It have a lease of three weekes longer, or  
 If providence doe spin it out a Moneth,  
 'Tis more then I expect, Your Father, Sir,  
 Must thank you in the *Elisyan* Shades hereafter,  
 For being so pious, to preferre his will  
 Before your Subjects safety. If *Eurymedon* *Enter*  
 Endow your Sister with your Kingdome, say *Neander.*  
 Your Court once bred a Prophet. *Arch.* Call'd a Coward.

*Neand.* The *Queen* oth' *Amazons*, Sir, hearing of  
 Your Warres, is newly landed, and hath brought  
 An Army of *She Archers* in your Succour.  
 She hath before her sent two Captains of  
 Her Guard, who call themselves *Embassadours*; But looke  
 Like *Nymphs* sent of an Errand from the *Goddesse*  
 Of *Woods* and *Huntings*, who would have your leave,  
 To make Warre on your Stags, Wild Boares and Panthers.  
 Looke here they come, Sir.

SCÆNA

SCENA VIII

To them Menalippe, Marthesia, like Amazons.

Men. —Pray which is the King?

Neand. He, Lady, in the purple scarfe. Men. Our Queen,  
The famed Hippolyta, having achiev'd  
Her conquest on the Scythians, and returning  
Home, with Anthiope, her sister, to offer  
Their Lawrels up to those Assisting Gods  
Which cast them on their Victories, as she sayl'd  
Along your coasts, hearing you are ingag'd  
In a Warre something like the Trojan, where  
She lost an Ancestour, offers her selfe,  
And whole Fleet to your service. Her reward,  
She sayes will be th' acceptance, nor expects  
More thanks, then to be known to your brave Selfe,  
And the faire Cause you fight for. Mar. She addes farther,  
That she desires (because she will not, Sir,  
Vnshippe her Forces, without your consent,  
Which might raise terror in your people, and  
Appear no, visit, but Invasion)  
You'l send a conduct to meet her on the way  
Now towards your camp; so, to secure the passage  
Of these few Ladies she brings with. Arch. Ladies,  
Proy tell your Queen, she hath by your brave Message,  
Purchast our Lawrel more; and added Mee,  
And my whole Kingdom to her other conquests.  
The honour she vouchsafes mee is so great,  
That I'le my selfe be of her conduct. Men. Sir,  
She's proud to be your soldier. Call. Ladies? Men. Sir,  
Call. You have no Message from the other Ladies,  
To us Three, have you? Men. How d' you mean? Call. If  
Your Queen come here to propagate, or if  
You, and your sister Warriours bring a purpose  
To carry home Bithynian issue, pray tell 'em  
We are their servants. Men. We shall Sir, Call. And so

Diana

*Diana* speed you, Ladies. *Arch.* You two prepare

*Ex. Men: Marth:*

*Campe* Entertainment for her. You three put  
Your Troops in order to attend us. *Neand.* We shall Sir:

'T will be the strangest sight to see naked men } *Arch.*  
March before Armed women. *Art.* Gentlemen, } *Ex. Theag.*  
What think you of this Embassy? *Nea.* Why that } *Mil.*

The Revolutions come, In which we shall,  
Be conquer'd of our Maidenheads. *Art.* Methinks  
I see my selfe already a Father to

A fine, smart *Amazon*; I look she should:  
Come into th' World with Bow and Arrowes, And  
Be born with a short swort. *Call.* If our fights prove  
Night Skirmishes, I'll sacrifice to Love.

*Exeunt.*

ACTUS III. SCÆNA I.

*Callias, Neander, Artops.*

*Call.* Two weeks of this, conceive me, Gentlemen,  
We cannot scape a famine, but shall frolicke  
Our selves into a Dearth, Then live by th' Ounce,  
And dine and suppe in weight and measure, to  
Permit things to increase again. We have  
At once exhausted three Elements, the Earth,  
Water, and Sky, for rarities, If the fourth  
Bred ought but *Salamanders*. or afforded  
Ought strange, or edible, I doe believe  
We should have ranfackt that too. *Neand.* I have read  
Of feasting, and heard *Philosophers* dispute  
It for a vice, but ne're saw it practic'd but  
In this large entertainment. Sure the Lords  
Who had the ordering on't first read the works  
Of some old studied *Epicure*. who placed  
Felicity ith' palate, and then brought  
His rules and precepts into cheere. There wanted  
Onely Pearles to be melted, Gems dissolved,

And

*The Amorous Warre.*

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And Jewels drunk to the Queens health, to make it  
A perfect sacrifice to Luxury:

*Art.* If this hold, Gentlemen, I dod foresee  
We shall within this month forget our selves  
To be *Bishmyans*, that is, Souldiers, who  
Can live on campe fare, and turne *Persians*,  
Where our whole businels will be onely these  
Too fine, soft, exercises, to eat, and wench. (cheeks,

*Call.* How do you like the Queen? *Neand.* Me thinks her  
Speak through their Amorous brown, as if she came  
For something else then fighting. There's a story  
Of a *Greek Prince*, and of a *Queen*, her country-woman  
Who joyn'd Sex thirteen days together, to  
Raife Progeny between them. If this should  
Claime copulation by the Law of Nations,  
And challenge a short use, for a month, or so,  
Of the Kings body, for procreation sake,  
I cannot see how, in humanity,  
Having so good a Tittle as the want  
Of Men, and Males, in her own country, shee  
Can be denied. *Art.* Or if her sister should  
Claim the short use of one of us, and plead  
Her natural right unto our Bodies, 'twere  
A National wrong, not to endeavour to  
Dismiss her with posterity. *Neand.* You speak  
As if you had hopes, *Artops.* *Art.* I professe  
To me shee's Lightning. Gentlemen, she melts  
My sword ith' scabberd, I stand before her like  
Stubble before a burning Glasse, Her eyes  
At every glance doe turne me into flame.

*Call.* Will not one of the other Ladies please  
Your high taste. *Artops.* Me thinks those faces are  
Most faire, which are most easy of fruition.

*Neand.* I am resolved to sound the true depth of  
Their errand. *Call.* And I. *Art.* I think I shall submit,  
And make a Third. *Neand.* Peace, here they come, Me thinks  
You'd two by sympathy already doe  
Send Tickets to invite us to their Tents.

E

SCENA



## SCENA II.

To them Archidamus, Theagines, Meleager, Roxane,  
Barsene, Orithya, Thalasfris, Menalippe, Mar-  
thesia, like Amazons; Their faces dis-  
colour'd to a comely Brown.

Arch. You truly show, Gracious Hippolita,  
How much you are a souldier, who can be  
Content with such rude Entertainment; where  
The most I could express, was, that you were  
Receiv'd into a Seige. Where my Distresses,  
And poverty, are faine to call themselves  
Magnificent from what I lacke, but would  
Fain furnish out with words, and say my intent  
Was large, though my expression was but small.  
If ought hereafter make this place or Army  
Deserving of your stay, it must be your  
Own selfe sufficient Goodness, which can put  
Splendid names on defects, And the faire Train  
Y' have brought along with you. Whose company,  
Transforms a wilde Campe into your own Court;  
And makes you at home in my poor country. Rox: Sir,  
We hope you doe not think we came to feast,  
Or revel with you; For that you have express  
Even to a trespass 'gainst our Discipline:  
Whilest taking us for women, you forget  
W'are souldiers too; And turne your campe into  
A soft Receipt of Ladies. 'Tis against  
Our country custome to spend our daies in banquets,  
Or nights in masks; Our times are more virile,  
And different from the rest of our soft Sex,  
Who doe divide themselves between their beddes,  
Glasses, Tyres, Dressings, and Discourse of Servants.  
We count our hours oth' night by severall watches,  
And Relieves of our sentinels, And reckon  
Our hours oth' day, not by our feasts, but matches.

We



We know no glasse but our own armour; Nor  
E're see our selves but ith' clear brightness of  
Our sheilds, and helmets. And then our dressings are,  
Such as you see, a sword, bow, shafts, and Quiver.

*Barsen.* We came to helpe you fight, Sir, And to carry  
Deeds worthy of our Name home with us. 'Twill  
Be our reproach in History, if 't be known  
We did nought in *Bithynia*, after all

Our other great Atcheivements, but see plays,  
Pass the loose hours in feasting; Know no fights  
But such as are *Dramatick*, and proceed

From the invention of your *Poets*, who  
Kill onely on the Stage, and then revive  
Their slaughter'd persons in the *Tiring-House*.

*Orith.* If with my Queens leave, I may speak, Sir, if  
We vanquish not the *Thracians*, who are now  
Your enemies, or give them battle: We

Shall seem a fleet of *Gossips*, who tooke shore,  
Onely to see, and to be seen; And so

Return inglorious: *Thal:* Besides, our citizens  
Will count us cowards; And weary to be governed

By such faint, sluggish Princesses; will mutiny,  
Shake off the yoke of subjects, and endanger

To turne our *Monarchy* into a many

Headed *Democracy*; And then you know

What must needs follow where the *State* consists

All of *Plebeians*; where that *Beast* the Rude

*Multitude* rules, and none obey. *Arch:* You show

Valours so much beyond your sex, and stirre

So just a shame, and blushing in us of

Our own unequal courages, that I

Must needs look on you, not as you are *Ladies*,

But warlike *Goddesses* steep down from heavens;

Each of you an Armed *Pallas*, to assist

The just cause of th' afflicted. Or if this

Expresses you not; In each of you, Methinks,

I once more see *Achilles* like a *Girl*

And 'twill be honour to me, when hereafter

Posterity in Chronicle shall ranke me  
 A sharer in your actions; And my conquests  
 Shall run in story bound with yours. Not to  
 Offend you therefore with ought effeminate,  
 Or what befits not you to see, or this  
 Place to present, as one addition more  
 To your entertainment I've provided  
 A warlike dance performed by warlike *Moeres*;  
 Just in such postures as they adore their Gods,  
 Before they goe to battle. Bid 'em enter.

*Here six Moeres, dance after the ancient Ethiopian manner. Erect arrowes stuck round their heads, in their curled hair instead of Quivers. Their Bowes in their hands, Their upper parts naked; Their nether from the waist, to their knees cover'd with bases of blew Sattin, edged with a deep silver fringe. Their legs also naked, incircled with rings of gold; the like their armes. Great pendants of Pearl at their ears. At every close, expressing a cheerful adoration of their Gods.*

My next care, Madam, shall be to make these follies  
 Pass into better spectacles. I will  
 Send for the Ladies from their Castle. Your presence  
 Will mak't a new delight t' enjoy the sounds,  
 And roughness of the Camp.

## SCÆNA III.

To them *Lyncestes*, *Polydamas*.

*Archid.* ——— My Lord *Lyncestes*,  
*Polydamas*, How doe the Ladies brook  
 Their solitude? Have they not yet created  
 One of themselves Preist to the company,  
 To say prayers twice a day for their releasment?

*Lync.* Sure Sir, They were not *Ladies*, but a Crew  
 Of *Spirits*, who appear'd like women, and  
 A while wore humane faces made of lips,  
 And eys, and cheeks, and dimples, to delude

The easy sight of the beholders, and  
Then vanish back into themselves again.

*Arch.* They are not grown invisable. I hope?  
They've no enchanted Rings among 'm? *Lync* Sir,  
I have sailed round your coast, as far as water  
Would give me leave, Have ranfact every Creek,  
Examined every hole which would but lodge  
A *Conger*, or a *Pocr-John*; And can finde  
No more print of them then ships leave ith' Sea.  
Unless I should have hir'd your *Negro's*, Sir,  
Which I met here at door to dive for 'em,  
As *Indians* doe for pearl, in hope to finde 'em,  
Some forty fathom deep in *Oyster Shells*,  
I know not where to seek 'em. *Arch.* Are they lost then?

*Lync.* *Eurymedon* in person with his fleet  
Concealed, Sir, seized them in their passage over  
Into the *Island*; And whether he have sent 'em  
Home to *Bizantium*, or keep them here  
His prisoners, is uncertain. *Polyd.* The report  
Had like t' have put *Chalcedon*, Sir, into  
A civil warre. The people of both sexes,  
Till I allay'd them, were up in a commotion.

*Arch.* O my prophetick soul! which whisper'd me  
I should not trust 'em to an element  
So false and treacherous. *Theag.* Are our two Ladies  
Vapour'd away ith' mist too, Sir, and seiz'd on?

*Lync.* Yes, and their women: They have not left a beauty  
Ith' City: or ought which you can call handsome  
To breed upon, or to continue a  
Succession of good faces. *Theag.* I expect  
In time to see my wife return then, with  
A race of little *Thracians* all noble by  
The bearers side. *Meleag.* And I that my wife save me  
The future labour of begetting, and  
Without my helpe return me a fine Troop  
And Squadron, which will call her mother, and  
Me Captain. *Arch.* Had he seiz'd my crown; or taken  
Me prisoner, and with me my Kingdom, It

Had been a loss I could have borne: And thought it  
 One of the chances which prove Princes subject  
 To mens misfortunes. But to deprive me of  
 Her, who to mee was Empire, Kingdom, Crown,  
 And all things else, which make men happy; She  
 Whose two eyes were the Sunnes that rul'd my day,  
 And to whom onely my absence did make night;  
 She who smil'd virtue; and whose beauteous Lookes  
 Were a soft, visible, musick, which entranc'd  
 The lookers on, and struck harmonious raptures  
 Into every chaste soul, and install'd pure fires  
 Int' every unchaste: She who had the power  
 To charm fierce Tygers, and make Panthers tame,  
 And civilize the wildest Salvage; but  
 He who surpriz'd her, and made his sister, and  
 My destined Queen part of his pyracie,  
 Thus to deprive me of my Joyes ich' porch,  
 And entrance to them, is a wrong like that,  
 Where the faire Bride is ravish't from the Bridegroom,  
 Upon the Nuptial days; or where their hands  
 Are rudely sunder'd, whilst the Priest is tying  
 The holy knot. But why doe I turne woman,  
 And adde to th' loss by my complaints. You two  
 Streight back to th' City; Raise new forces; Adde  
 Wings to your expedition: I shall thinke  
 Time moves not with its own halt, till we give  
 The Robbers Battle, and redeem the prey. *Ex: Lyci:*  
*Rox:* Come, Sir, you shall divert the thought of your  
 Recoverable losse at our tent, where  
 We will divide greifs with you, or finde wayes  
 To make them wholly ours. *Arch:* Your Company  
 Relieves me, Madam; And I shall not think  
 My selfe unfortunate in such a presence.

*Exeunt.*

SCENA IV.

SCENA IV.

*Callias, Neander, Artops, Orithya, Thalestris,  
Mcalippe, Marthesia.*

*Call.* Ladies? *Orith.* Sir? *Call.* You don't train this afternoon.  
Or muster, doe you? *Orith.* Your reason Sir? *Call.* Because,  
If no affair of discipline call on you  
To leave us, wee'd fain change some Campe Aire with you.

*Thal.* W' are at full leisure, Sir. *Call.* Pray, Ladies, let us  
Be bold to aske you then, what places hold you  
In your Queens Army? Doe you command the *Foot*,  
And *Infantry*? Or are you *Cavaliers*  
And *Regents* of the *Horse*? *Orith.* Why doe you aske?

*Call.* Not out of curiosity, & inform  
Our selves in your arts military; But onely  
Out of a free desire we have *Commanders*  
To be admitted servants to *Commanders*.

*Orith.* How doe you mean? *Neand.* Troth, Ladies, to divert  
The melancholly and sadness which this accident  
Will raise among us, we would gladly joine  
Souldiers with souldiers, and make both armies one.

*Thal.* That's done already Sir. *Art.* Our meaning is,  
We would faine doe you civil Right, and pay you  
The debts of nature which you come for. Officers  
Mingling with officers will raise a race  
Of stout young *Alexanders* between them, who'l  
Once more subdue the world. *Thal.* Now you speak  
Without clouds, we conceive you. Doe you think then,  
VVe come to seek men to get children on us?

*Call.* VVe hope y' are like your mothers. We know, Ladies,  
Without out helpe you are but barren things;  
And cannot propagate between your selves.

*Orith.* Well, say this be our errand, since you speak  
So understandingly; what would you doe  
To helpe us in necessity? *Neand.* Doe? Why,  
VWhat should we doe? Doe service to your Country;

And

And strive to keep you still a people, by  
 A new succession of *Amazons*. *Orish*: But say (save you  
 They should prove *males*, Sir. *Neand*. Then breed them up to  
 The trouble of such journies; and employ 'em,  
 As you doe us their Fathers, to th' publick good.

*Thal*. But 'tis against our Lawes to Foster, Sir,  
*Male* births. *Neand*. What do you with 'em? drown 'em then?

*Thal*. Restore 'em to their getters. Would you receive 'em,  
 If we should send 'em home? *Neand*: So they be born  
 Perfect; not halfe *male*, and halfe *female*; I'll  
 Nurse no *Hermaphrodites*. *Orish*: Besides, you have  
 Been us'd to th' Ladies of your own court; you'l  
 Ne're like our company. We are not fair.

And beautiful enough to stir your Loves  
 To serve us in our needs. *Art*. By this hand, Ladies,  
 I'me more inflam'd to see a certain true,  
 And Genuine smile creep o're your nutbrown faces,  
 And make a kinde of Day-break there, then all  
 The artificial whites and reds, laid on

By our court painters, who call't Beauty to  
 Create their own looks. *Thal*. Are there such arts, then?

*Call*. You saw the two Lords here? *Thal*. Yes Sir, *Call*. They  
 Have two young Ladies, whom I do question, whether  
 They may call *Wives*, or *Pictures*. *Neand*. Their wedding day  
 Saw them, perhaps, in their own blushes; And  
 They lay the first night in their unbought roses;  
 But ever since have varied shaps; scarce worn  
 The same face twice. Who'd lye with such *she Protrussers*?  
 Who change form in the embrace; And doe lye down  
 One mistress, and in' morning rise another? (like

*Orish*. Our looks are coultle, but native, Sir. *Neand*. Y are  
 The times which love delights in; we behold  
 A fair night in your faces stuck with stars.

*Call*. Me thinks ye exceed the *Queen of Love*; she had  
 But one black *Mole*, you are all but one fair *spot*.

*Art*. Beleeve it Ladies, were he not a boy,  
 I'de say y' had brought each of you in those lovely,  
 Dark, shady cheeks, a *Cupid*, who from thence,

*The Amorous Warre.*

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As from an amiable twilight, shootes  
His golden arrowes. *Orith:* You doe expresse your selves  
So affectionate, so like lovers— *Thal.* So comply  
With our own wishes, which are to requite  
Your love with love— *Orith.* And doe so nobly know  
The wants of Ladies, and can as nobly pardon  
All their defects, that henceforth we'l expect  
Some entercourse of visit from you. *Thal.* We  
Shall long to see you at our poor Tents, choose  
Your own times, We lock not our curtains.

*Exeunt Ladies.*

SCENA V.

To them *Theagines* and *Meleager.*

*Theag.* What, laying siege to th' Ladies, Gentlemen?  
*Call.* Trying, my Lord, what *Forts* They weare, or where  
They are most easy to be scal'd: We have yet  
But made an attempt upon their *Outworks*, and  
Held parley with them. *Mel.* And how, and how, in Troth,  
D' you find 'em? Tractable? Will they surrender  
On easy Composition, without a long  
And tedious Battery? *Neand.* We find 'em made,  
As other Ladies are, of flesh and blood:  
I doe perceive no difference, My Lords,  
Twixt ayres, and clymates; But where men meet women,  
*Nature* will have 'ts effects, for the preservation  
Oth' *Universe:* unlesse there should be some  
To aske, others to grant; some to beget,  
Others to bring forth, the world would have an end  
In the short Circle of one age. *Theag.* I hope  
It is not come to that already, you have  
Had a quick victory, to see and conquer.  
*Mel.* Th' are very waxen, sure, who take Impression  
At the first chafing. *Art.* Waxen? Why I'll tell you,  
I never yet saw things so yielding. So  
Obedient to the Touch, I doe believe,

F

Should



Should we dissemble coynesse, or stand out,  
 They would put Questions to us: And upon  
 Refusal, take armes, and invade our lodgings.  
 And what would be the fruits of such a warre,  
 Back't with so good a cause, your Lordships judge.

*Ncand.* Alas you must consider, good my Lords,  
*Necessity's a Tyrant.* Had they men  
 In their own countrey to supply their wants,  
 Or were their state compos'd so, that without  
 Danger to th' *Commonwealth*, there might be some  
 Kept at the publique charge to lye with them,  
 At th' age of procreation, and so be  
 The Fathers of their country, whil't they mingled  
*Natives* with *Natives*, It perhaps would seem  
 Immodest to seek forraign Help. But where  
*Males* are against the Law; And where to *Marry*  
 Is worse then to *commit*; And where a *Husband*  
 Is a crime worse then *Fornication*; what  
 In this case would you have them doe? *Call:* Unless  
 Nature had made them double, and enabled 'em  
 To be both sexes to themselves; Or else,  
 Unless they could bear children, as we see,  
 Our fields bear flowers, where one and the same soyl,  
 Water'd by a soft shower, or breath'd upon  
 By a warm aire, is Father, Mother, all,  
 To its own issue: How d' you think they should  
 Produce posterity? Troth, my Lords, I feel  
 A certain generous pittie in me to  
 Their reasonable Longings. *Thas.* Well, Gentlemen,  
 You have convinc'd us. But doe you think the two  
*Princesses* came for the same purpose? *Art.* As sure  
 As we have leave, Sir, to make visits, or  
 Chosse our own nights with these departed Ladies.  
*Mel:* And have you? *Art:* ask them. *Ncand.* Troth my Lords  
 Work enough with your own two Ladies, when (you'l have  
 You next recover 'em; and therefore will not.)  
 We hope, disturbe us, who are single, in  
 Our amorous courses. We are promis'd all

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The pleasures which their tents can yeild: And told  
There shall be no locks 'twixt us and our joyes.

## SCENA VI.

To them *Macrinus, Lacer, Serpix*; Three totter'd  
common souldiers, with a drummer before them;  
And Cock-feathers in their hats:

*Call.* How now? What have we here? The signe oth' battle  
'Twixt *Time* and Ragged *Breeches*? And whither now  
Tends your most totter'd march? What make your four  
Halfe doublets from your colours? *Macr.* Sir, we are  
Employed as *publique persons*, by our companies,  
To tell the King our greivances. Beat on  
To th' Kings pavilion. *Neand. publique:* 'Tis true, you are;  
Your elbowes witness for you; There's not one  
Bare part about you that's not *publique*. But  
Pray stay, pray stay a little, Gentlemen;  
What greivances have your most lousy valours  
To present now? *Lac:* Such, Sir, as we have often  
Complain'd to you of, and you'l not redress us.

*Serp.* The King is just, Sir, and allowes us pay,  
Which you melt up by the way. You may make sport,  
And laugh at our poor ruines; But 'tis our *Raggies*,  
And bareness, which doth make you *glister*. *Mac:* If  
We had our right, your large scarfes, every one  
Of which display'd, would make the *Colours* to  
A *Company*, should be our *Shirts*. *Art.* How, Sir?

*Lac.* Sir, it is true; And your large *Feathers*, each  
Of which, wav'd by the winde, does make you walke  
In perfect *flourish*; And present you like  
Three winged *Dadalus's*, prepar'd to fly,  
Should be our coats, and plume us. *Ser.* And that shine  
And blaze of *plare* about you, which puts out  
Our eyes, when we march 'gainst the sunne, and armes you  
Compleatly with your own *gold lace*, which is  
Laid on so thick, that your own trimmings doe

Render you Engine prooffe, without more Armes,  
 Should goe to buy us bread. *Art:* This is most rare  
 With reference to the *Feathers* in your Hats,  
 Most *pilfrying Gentlemen*, which show you have  
 Skirmished with neighbouring poultry, lately, and having  
 Eaten part of your conquest, weare the rest  
 As Emblems of your wandering from the Campe,  
 And inrodes on backsides. If I may aske you,  
 Where have you learnt this Eloquence? I doe not  
 Read that *Demosthenes* declaym'd with Toes  
 Looking through leather casements. Or that he was  
 Sent in an Embassy with halfe a stockin,  
 Or such decay'd comparifons, as I  
 Observe in your retinue. *Macr:* Sir, wee need  
 No teacher but our wants to find us words.  
*Lacer:* Had you three reckon'd th' age oth' warre by fasting  
 As we have done, who by our hunger know  
 'Tis now a month since it began, or did you  
 Know onely these two poor releefes, warme daies  
 For clothes, warme ayre for food. *Serp:* Or had you  
 Been three *Camerades* like us, three daies to one  
 Dried *Biskett*, and horne *Stock-fish*, both which might  
 Be shot for *Battery*, And for hardnesse be  
 Reckon'd into th' *Artillery*, we doe  
 Beleeve you would not starve in silence, Or  
 Depart this life without some Testimony  
 That you were famisht hence. *Call:* Why harke you, you  
 Rascals, who thinke the life of man consists  
 In eating: And that you were sent into the world  
 To devoure Flocks and Heards, what are you made for?  
 Resolve mee, if you can, What is the end  
 Of your Creation, but to fight, Goe naked,  
 And starve in sun-shine? *Neand:* True: what other use  
 Can there be of you in a *State*, but either  
 To be hang'd if you steale, if you doe not  
 To suffer hunger, and be lowfy in  
 Your countries cause? And if you scape the sword,  
 And doe survive, to be a burthen to

The *Common wealth*, to be dispatcht by famine,  
For the *publique ease*? *Art*: Besides, why doe you trouble  
Us with your meager visages? what are  
Your torne necessities to us? *Mac*: Does not (tains?  
Our pay passe through your hands? Are not you our Cap-

*Art*: And are there no wayes, Sir, to live, besides  
Your foure and eight pence weekely? *Lac*: Wee'd be glad  
To learne them, Sir. *Art*: Pray let me aske you, then,  
And answer with discretion. What is

The natural use of Capons, Hens, and Geese?  
For what serve Turkies? *Mac*: To be eaten. *Art*: Right;  
You and I jumpe. And what's the use of Sheep?

I doe not mean with fleeces; (That falls under  
Another question:) But as they are Mutton?

*Lac*: Why to be eaten too. *Art*: Still right. And lastly,  
What is the use of wooll made into cloth?

Is't not to cover? *Serp*: 'Tis so, Sir, *Art*: And what's

The use of Plate and Money? Is't not to  
Supply mens wants, and buy the things they need? (make

*Serr*: Most true Sir, *Art*: And are these times which do  
The stealth of all these lawful, and reach out  
All these unto you for the venturing? And  
Are you so cowardly, or rather so

In love with your own *Lice*, that you must aske  
Us for reliefe? Or thinke of such a base,

Poore, contemptible thing as *Pay*? *Mac*: Is this

The answer you will give us? *Art*: This is all.

*Plundering's* a large *Revenues*? 'Tis your owne

Fault if *Townes* cloth you not: Or if the *Fields*

Afford you not provision. *Mac*: We must then

Here let you know, wee'l mutiny. Beat backe.

*Call*: You mutiny, you ill fac'd Rascals: Have you

A minde to cheat the Hangman with your wardropes?

Or an itch to disgrace the Gibbit with

Your goblin carkasses before your times? (raise

*Lac*: Wee'l raise the Campe against you. *Serp*: Come, let's

Let's raise the Campe. *Neand*: Away you heaps of vermin.

Earth your selves in your Trenches; and there live

The quiet life of *Moles*; Feed on the Roots *Ex: Mac:*  
 Of wholesome herbs which grow about you. *Go. Lac: Ser:*  
*Call.* My Lords, we must take leave. *Art.* You see the peace  
 Oth' Army lyes on't. *Neand:* We kiss Your Lordships hands.  
*Exeunt.*

## SCENA VII.

*Theagines, Meleager, To them Menalippe, Marthesia.*

*Theag.* Why here be three new *Captains* now, who make  
 The right use of the warre. Spend their assaults  
 On such soft harmless, yeilding things, as Ladies,  
 And keep themselves in spangles, with the pay  
 Of their poor *souldiers*. *Mel:* It appears to me  
 Strange what designe should cast these *Amazons*  
 Upon our shore. I hope they have no aime  
 To take advantage of our fight, or keep  
 Themselves *spectatours* 'till both Armies have  
 Weaken'd themselves, and then ore'come the Victours.  
 I would be loath to have it said in story,  
 We were subdu'd by women with one breast.  
 And it would trouble me to see my selfe  
 Led captive; And transported to a Land  
 Where I must propagate at the mercy of  
 Those who did take me prisoners. And get children  
 By th' night, and taske, upon my *Conquerours*.

*Theag.* Believ't their project is lesse politicke.  
 You hear the errand they come for is to  
 Lye with us in our Land. *Mel:* Still 'tis strange  
 They should so quickly open, And reveale  
 Themselves so easy, so prepared, as these  
 Three make 'em. *Theag:* Pray Heaven, my Lord, our Ladies  
 Show not themselves as easy, and as pliant,  
 Ith' other *Campe*. 'Tis true indeed, their case  
 Is not the same. They've had no dearth of husbands,  
 Which shou'd invite 'em to require Relief  
 From th' enemy. But if they should conclude

A peace

A peace for us; And if one of the Articles  
Be, to give something they can spare, and we  
Not misse, we cannot helpe it if they show  
Themselves good patriots; And preferre their *Country*  
Before our private *Interests*; or their  
More private *Honesties*. *Mel*: True; 'Tis but loosing  
A little *Honour* for the *publique good*;  
And *Honours* but a word; We shall not be  
Impoverisht by the losse. All parts in women  
Are like their lippes; And lippes you know are springs.

If a whole Army quench their Thirst there, still  
As much is left as taken; The first stock *Ent. Menal*:  
Remaines entire. *Theag*: My Lord, behold, what say *Marib*.  
You to a message now? *Mel*: I'me now confirm'd.

*Men*. Are you my Lord *Theagines*? *Theag*: Yes Lady.

*Marib*. And you my Lord *Melager*? *Mel*: 'Tis my name.

*Men*. Y'are oth' *Bedchamber* to th' King? *Mel*: We are so.  
They have had good intelligence. *Marib*: Our Ladies  
Hearing y' are noble, and delighting much  
In persons valiant, and of great action, (as  
They are informed you are) will take it for  
An honour, if you will vouchsafe to be  
Oth' *Bedchamber* to them too, for the space  
Of a short visit. *Men*. They say they doe long,  
Long, very much t'impart a businesse to you.

*Theag*. You doe not know what 'tis? *Men*: Sir, it requires,  
The secrecy of their Tents to know it. *Mel*: When  
Pray, is the time they'd be at leisure, Ladies,  
For us to waite upon 'em? *Marib*: At all times, Sir,  
They say you cannot erre. Onely they will  
Tak't as the greater favour, If to beguile  
The tedious houres, with discourse of the *Ancients*.  
And the comparison of *Womens* deeds,  
With those of *Men*, you will divide your nights,  
Sometimes with them. *Men*: But chiefly, they desire  
You would now come along with us. *Theag*: My Lord,  
What would come on't if we two should suppose  
Our selves unmarried? Our Wives when we next meet,

If before hand they not requite us) will  
 Finde us whole husbands. *Mel:* I am resolv'd to make  
 Use of the opportunity. The worst  
 That can befall us, if our Ladies know it,  
 Is to seal mutual pardons. *Theag:* Come, Ladies, you  
 Shall be our Clue to guide us. *Men:* We will lead you  
 Into a pleasing *Labyrinth*. *Mel:* 'Twill be  
 Our wish to be lost in such Company.

## ACTVS IV. SCENA I.

*Archidamus, Roxane, Barsene, Orithya, Thelastris.*

*Rox:* Come, Sir, wee are resolved, if it be ith' power  
 Of Ladies to effect it, to cure you of  
 Your sadnessse, you no longer shall afflict  
 Vs and your selfe, with melancholly. It does not  
 Show princely in you, thus to enthrall your selfe  
 To th' memory of a *Woman*. We thought to finde you  
 A Warriour; One, in whose stout brest so poore  
 So effeminate a thing as Love, or the  
 Losse of a Mistresse, would have past among  
 Those ordinary cares, which are at once  
 Consider'd and forgotten. *Bars:* 'Tis for subjects  
 To affect constancy, or melt and pine,  
 And breath themselves away ith' contemplation  
 Of those they Loves. Or to affect Lone walks,  
 There raise an *Idoll* to themselves, And then  
 Fall down and worship it. Y<sup>e</sup> have turn'd your *Campe*  
 Into a *Cloyster*, Sir. And are retir'd  
 Ith' mid't of *Legions*. Nor can we imagine  
 We have your Company, when present with us,  
 Your thoughts are so away. *Arch:* Had you e're seene  
 The wondrous *obj:ct* that attracts them, or  
 Discern'd the secret *influences*, which  
 Passe from her soule to mine, and mingled there,  
 In one strict union, at this distance make us  
 So much each others as to leave no power

T untwist



T'untwist our selves, or have the leisure to  
 Look towards ought which weares not her faire shape  
 To me, or mine to her, you might as well  
 Condition with the passive *Iron* not  
 To turne to th' *Loadstone*; Or chide the *Needle* for  
 Moving towards the bright *pole*, as accuse me  
 For thinking on *Roxan*. I confesse,  
 Bright *Princesses*, 'Tis Love that makes me rude;  
 And but I hope you have brought pardons with you,  
 And can forgive one robb'd of his free selfe,  
 Nor left to his own Carriage; I should count  
 Those Houres which I have itollen from you, to pay  
 Devotion unto *Her*, a Sacriledge  
 Committed 'gainst your beauties; Or a theft,  
 Which doth take worship from one *Goddesse* to  
 Consume it on *Another*. *Rox*: Wee'l allow  
*Roxan*, Sir, (For so I doe perceive  
 You call your *Princess*) To be all that a *Prince*  
 In Love can fancy faire, or amiable;  
 Yet I must tell you too, Love's a false-glasse,  
 Which still shewes things much fairer then they are.)  
 Wee'l grant all your Descriptions true, that to  
 Her Fairenesse she hath Virtues, which doe adde  
 A beaurty to her beauty, and render her  
 One, pure, through, rich *Gemme*, which entirely is  
 Nothing but *Worth* and *Luster*; yet if this *Gemme*  
 Be dropt into the Sea, or lost ith' vast  
*Chaos* of *Waves*, will you make warre with nature,  
 Or force the *Ocean* to restore your *Jewel*  
 Made irrecoverable? *Arch*: Doe you then looke  
 Upon my losse no otherwise? *Rox*: Not, when  
 I weigh her brothers power; Th' uncertain chances  
 Of warres like this; The many subjects lives,  
 Which must be sacrific'd to her recovery.  
 The most you can expect if you prevaile,  
 Is that your *Nuptials* should be mixt with *slaughters*;  
 And that your *Marriage Tapers* should be kind'd  
 From funeral piles; And so *Roxans* Wedding.

Thus ravish't to and fro, like *Proserpines*,  
 It'h' under World, be kept 'mongst Ghosts and shades.

*Barf.* Besides, how are you 'sure constancy  
 Is answer'd, Sir, with constancy? Our hearts  
 Are changeable; not doe I see why *Princes*  
 Should be lesse fraile then others, who confine  
 Affection to the sight, since *Love's* a fire  
 Which doth not onely languish, and goe out,  
 Where fuel is subtracted, But is kept burning  
 Onely it'h' presence of another fire.

*Arch.* Ile rather thinke nature can change her course,  
 Rivers run backwards from the Ocean,  
 Things heavy can fly up, and light fall downe;  
 Or that the Heavenly Orbes can vary, and  
 By shuffling of themselves, the higher with lower,  
 Loose their first Order, and in this confusion  
 Wheele round in Discord, as before in Musick,  
 Then she can cease to Love me: *Roxane* is  
 To me a *Vestal*, and I one to her;  
 There's but one holy flame between us, which  
 Cannot expire but with our selves: *Rox:* But you'l  
 Allow there may, Sir, be degrees in Love;  
 And that a lesser fire ought to give way  
 In justice to a greater; and though not quench't,  
 Yeild it selfe swallowed by it. *Arch:* Madam, pray  
 Explaine your selfe. *Rox:* Say, then, *Archidamus*,  
 (For now I will be free) there should be those,  
 Who though they bring no bright starres in their eyes,  
 Or such charmes in their faces, as *Roxane*,  
 (Which to affect, were to take fire from lookes,  
 And love by th' sense, and outside, not by th' minde.)  
 Yet being of equal birth, of as great vertues,  
 Of greater dowries, (For those I speak of  
 Doe with a *Kingdome* bring their *Conquest* too)  
 But above all (for they dare strive here, and  
 Account themselves superiour) say they should bring  
 Greater affection; And to shew they doe,  
 No longer able to conceale their Flames,

should

Should lay aside their Sex, and act your part,  
And tell you that they love you; Would such deserve  
A repulse from you? Or could you, Sir, to gaine  
The name and stile of Constant unto one,

Be unjust to two? And not repay their flame  
With such another? *Arch:* There can be no such, Madam,

*Barf.* Without more Cloudes, say, Sir, we be those two?

*Arch.* You Ladies? You are fit to conquer Princess

And t' have the Gods steale down in varied shapes,

To beget *Hero's* on you, and halfe Gods;

Not to betray such weake affections, as

To sue to those who doe adore you. Besides,

You two admit no choice, where both are equal,

Both *Twinnes* in their perfections, as in birth,

Unlesse I could divide my selfe, and be

*Two* to you *Two*. (For here is no election

Of one without wrong to the other) And

Could multiply my selfe into a number,

How can I answer both? *Rox:* By choosing one.

We are agreed between our selves: she that s

Refus'd, shall home, and weare the Crowne, the other

Stay here and be your *Queen*. *Arch:* O Love! why as

Thou dost weave knots, dost thou not teach a way

How to unty them too? I doe confesse

My selfe lost in a sweet perplexity.

I'me now the *Prince* fore whom three Goddesses

Strove for the *Golden Ball*, or which should be

Preferr'd for Beauty. When I doe consider

Your several shapes, I am snatch't several wayes;

And am at once three Lovers. If I therefore,

Amidst such equal merits, can't make choice

Of one before the other, 'Tis because

I am not blinde. Where objects are alike

Faire, and distracting, He must want his eyes

Who doth preferre. *Rox:* Wee'l give you this nights respite

To thinke upon election. Mean time, Sir,

There's a short Banquet waies you at our Tent.

*Arch.* You'l be the Musick to it. *Orith:* Madam,

Now your *Play's* done, ours will begin; wee doe  
Onely want stage room. *Barf.* Look you play your parts well.

*Thal.* As well as our *Hypocrisy* and *false faces*.  
Will give us leave.

----- *Orithya*, what d'you thinke  
Och *Prince's* Constancy? Should he be tempted  
To leave *Roxane* for *Roxane*, and make  
Choyce of the Disguised for the true, 'twould prove  
A fine Ginne laid to prove men fraile, and subject  
To our infirmities. *Orith.* I know not how  
This redious *Scene* of Love hath wrought on him.  
But it to me was *Opium*, and raised slumber.

A Gentle murmure did glide by my eares  
Like the soft fall of streames. A little more  
Of such slight, aëry stufte, had bound my senses  
Up in a perfect sleepe. *Thal.* I did observe  
The onsets, and replies too; Me thought they ran  
In *Artops* and *Neanders* candid stile,  
When they doe court our *Women* in *Milke-verse*,  
Or tell them *Newes* or *Stories* in *Sonnet* prose.  
I should ne're be thus cruel to him I love,  
To show him shades in stead of substance; 'Tis  
Me thinkes embracing *Clouds*.

## SCENA II.

To them *Menalippe*, *Marthesia*, *Lights*,  
and a Banquet follow.

*Men.* --- Madam, your great Designe  
Goes rarely on. Your *Lords* are come, and are  
Disposing of their *Ambush*. *Orith.* And have you, *Menalippe*,  
Bespoke the false Alarme at the just hour?

*Men.* Clockes strike not duller after quarters, Madam,  
Then our *the Drummer* will observe her Cue, (cine)  
And make things dreadful. *Thal.* *Marthesia*, stand you *Sen*-  
Against they come. *Mar.* Troth, Madam, 'tis to me  
A Comœdy before hand to imagine

How

How they will bear th' affright. *Men:* Methinks I see 'em  
Rolling themselves up in their own gold Lace,  
Like urchins in their prickles. Or wishing to  
Exchange place with their swords, and case themselves  
In their own scabbards. *Mar:* Stand, who comes there?

*Thal.* There they are; Goe *Menalippe* bid the Lords  
With their stout *Squadron*, observe their Entrances.

*Exit Menal:*

SCÆNA III.

To them at doore first, afterwards enter'd *Call.* *Neand.* *Art.*

*Call.* You'l not exact the word of us, I hope.

My pretty *Perdue Virgins*; if you doe,  
Pray call your *Corporal*. *Neand:* We doe not come  
As spyes; If you suspect, commit us to  
Your Ladies. *Art:* Or else keepe us prisoners in  
Your *Corpes of Guard*, till they release us. *Marib:* Now,  
I know y' are freinds, you may passe. I was set  
Here to attend your coming, to prevent  
Your danger of mistaking the right *Tent*. (*Ladies,*

*Call.* We should have found that by *Instinct*. *Neand:* Bright  
We have made bold to use the Liberty  
You gave us; And try what campe houres you keep.

*Art.* I hope w' are not unseasonable, we  
Came, Ladies, to keep watch with you. *Orish:* The time  
Oth' night addes to our visit. Had you come  
By day, y' had brought but halfe your selves, and onely  
Made visit to our eyes, where all that could  
Have past, had been to see, and to be seen.

*Art:* True, Ladies, whereas now you have us all,  
And other senses may be pleased too; And  
Goe sharers with the sight. *Thal:* Besides, the Day  
Turnes all things into *Chrystall*; Sir: Our *Tents*  
Had been transparent, like their Silkes; And we  
Had not been private in our *Clasets*. *Neand:* Right;  
Whereas the *Night* turnes all things into *Shade*;

And drawes *yet* curtaines 'bout our pleasures; And  
Makes a faire Lady invisible in ones Armes.

*Orish:* Will you vouchsafe to sit and taste of this  
Slight Banquet, Gentlemen. *Call:* You make it *Three*.

*Thal:* You doe not reckon us 'mongst *Marmalade*,  
*Quinces*, and *Apricots*? Or take us for  
Ladies preserved? *Call:* No Ladies; yet I hope  
'Tis no offence to say y' are each of you

A various Banquet, where a breathing sweetnesse  
Feasts the spectatours; And diverts all thought  
Of eating to beholding; And from beholding  
To enjoying. *Neand:* All these doe take value,

Not from the Art, which, joyn'd to nature, made em,  
But from you who bestow 'em. These *Cherries* doe

Take Colour from your Lippes. This *Amber* calls  
A perfume from your *Breath*; what ere's delightful

In them reflects from you. *Art:* And least there should  
Be Musick wanting to this Banquet, when

You speake, the *Syrns* sing. *Orish:* Y' have brought, we see,  
The art to flatter and dissemble with you.

*Thal:* I now begin to fear you. It can't be (dies?)  
You should thus faine and love us. *Neand:* Not love you, La-

VVhy what signes would you have? VVhat is required  
To Love which we would not performe? *Thal:* Would you

Fight for us, if need were? *Orish:* Or enter duell  
In Defence of our *Honours*? *Neand:* Would we? By

This hand, should you command, we would; our selves  
Alone, now venture on the *Thracian Campe*.

*Call:* Or presently send challenges to Nine  
Of their best *Captaines*, to fight *Three to One*.

*Art:* We will doe more than fight; with your faire leaves,  
We will get *Fighters* on you. *Orish:* Is that your errand?

*Art:* That, and to helpe away the Solitude  
And tediousnesse or th' night. *Thal:* Well, since we doe

Beleeve you valiant, and worthy of our fayours,  
How will you order things? *Three or two women*

Is one too much. *Orish:* One must stand out; unless  
You'll take the *Centinel* in for a third.

To men of your indifferent purposes

It should be all ones she's of the right Sex.

*Neand.* We'll draw cuts who shall have her. What say you

My pretty *Diomed* oth' *Cavalles*, will you

For one night lay aside your contemplations

How to take towne in *Marchphne*, or expresse

The *Siege* of *Thebes*, or travels of *Uliſſes*

In *sweet meats*, and make one of us? *Mar.* I'll take

My fortune Sir, *Neand.* *Arists*, She's yours, I did

Præſage thy melting Hymnes, and ſtraines, would end

In a *Corne-Cutter*. *Aril* She is not fifty Sir,

Nor I the fifteenth in ſucceſſion, to

A *Flavia*, who brings manchet to the Campe;

This is no *Sutlers wife*. *Thal.* Go wench prepare

The Beds. *Orish.* But should you, now, reveale, or rumour

Your Entertainment. *Call.* Do you thinke us ill bred Rascals?

Fellowes that can't conceale? *Thal.* Or should you tell

How kind, how free you found us, how we used you—

*An A-* *Ne.* We'll rather cut our tongues out & live ſpeechles. *Alarme*

*Ori.* Hark, what means this? *Thal.* The Camp is up in

*(Armes within.)*

SCENA IV.

To them *Menalippe*, and *Martheſia*, in ſhow frighted, After-  
wards *Theagines*, and *Melager*, at one Doore; *Ma-*  
*crinus*, *Lacero*, *Serpix* at another; all diſguiſ'd.

*Men.* Fly, Madams, fly, we are betrayed. *Mar.* The enemy

Hath ſeiz'd upon the *Works*; taken the *King*;

Burnt our *Queenes Tent*; ſlaine all the *Captaines*; and is

Now marching hither. *Orish.* Now ſhow your valours, And

Helpe to defend thoſe whom you Love. *Call.* Alas, Ladies,

You can fight for your ſelves. This is the firſt

Time we e're ſaw the *Field*. *Neand.* Alas what can

Three doe againſt an *Army*? *Thal.* Will you not

Then draw your weapons. But ſtand like worſted *Captaines*

In *Arras*? *Orish.* Will you let us and your ſelves

Be taken, and make no reſiſtance? Or will you



*The Amorous Warre.*

Be killed like people in their sleep? *Neand:* Lasse, Ladies, T  
What would you have us doe? We have been borne  
And bred in peace, and were ne're us'd to fighting.

*Orish.* O more then *women* towards! And will you dye  
Like men oth' peace too? *Art.* Hark, swords, swords: they come.

*Thal.* Why do you quake? Why do you looke about you?  
Would you faine hide your selves? *Art.* Hark swords again;

*Orish.* If you will, there's an old *Drum* yonder, with  
One head, wee'l whelme it over you. *Art.* Thank you, Ladies.

*Thal.* Or packe you up in one oth' waggons, with  
*A bare Hide* over you, where you may passe  
For Cheefe, or *Ammunition*. *Call:* Twill doe well.

*Men.* Or, Madam, what if we pull'd down our *Ten's*,  
And wraps them up ith' *Curtaines*? *Neand:* Twill doe better.  
*Theag:* *wislin.* You three take that way, we'l take this: *flay* all

*Enter The. Mel. Mac. Lac. Scrp.*  
That will not yeild. *Art.* Oh! here they come. *The:* what flying?  
Taking wing? Seize these Captaines, And disarm 'em.

*Mel.* Ladies, we doe intend no warre against you.  
Our Quarrels are with men. *Theag:* Doe they refuse?

*They disarm 'em.*  
Show them Campe Law. *Call:* We doe not, Sir, there Freind,  
There is my sword. *Neand:* And there is mine, pray use  
Me like a Gentleman. *Scrp:* Come, Sir, you part  
As slowly with your sword, as that with the scabbard.

*Macr.* Ye have no *Artillery* in your pocket, have you,  
That will o'retake men at a distance, and  
Arrest 'em at *Fivescore*? *Nea:* Sure freind there's all. *(tlemen.*  
*The.* Next blind their eys with their own scarfs. *Mac:* Hold Gē-  
Hold your heads faire, and shut your eys, that we *They*  
May close 'em double. *Lac:* Stir not as you desire. *(blind 'em*  
To keep 'em in your Head, and not put out.

*Call.* We doe not, Sir. *Scrp:* So: There's one Darknesse more  
Then that we caught you in. *Theag:* Now lead 'em bound  
To th' other *Captives*. And attend the *Council*  
Of warre with 'em ith' morning. *Mac:* Come Gentlemen.

*Excunt.*  
SCENA

SCENA V.

*Theagines, Mekeager, Orithya, Thalestris,  
Menalippe, Marthesia.*

*Theag.* Ladies, you see we've kept our words; The houres  
Did fly with leaden wings 'till we did earne  
The sweet Rewards y' have promised. *Mel.* Next unto  
The thought of this nights Raptures, which you will  
Inspire into our soules, we doe take pleasure  
To be thought worthy to be Actours in  
Your just revenge. *Orith.* My Lords, we looke on you  
As those we dare trust, such as understand  
What Ladies favours are, How merited;  
And withall, how to be concealed. Love hath  
His *Mysteries*, as well as *shrines*, and *Temples*;  
To which a *secrecy* is due; And th' are  
Profaned when publiisht. *Thal.* Besides, you are our *Equals*;  
And though we cannot call you Husband, yet  
To reape the fruit of Husbands from you, will be  
No staine, or blemish to us. But could you thinke us,  
So vulgar, so indifferent, so hard driven,  
In making our Elections, to defile  
The *Honours* of our *Beds* with those who next  
Would finde us *Bodies*? *Orith.* Especially, with those  
Who'd make our *Nights* the Discourse of their *Dayes*.  
And so they might gaine credit by our favours,  
Would prostitute our *Fames*; And when they did not  
Enjoy our persons, would call a new pleasures to  
Lye with our *Reputations*. *Thal.* What would these three  
Parcel-guilt-silken Gentlemen have said  
Had they posselt us, who so freely boasted  
The leave we gave them to make visits to us?  
As if to show good breeding were a crime;  
Or to be civil in a strange place. *Theag.* True Ladies;  
They said you were the most strange easy things  
So inclining to mankind, as if you had

A purpose to disperse Bills through the Campe,  
 T'invite men to your Lodgings; And would propose  
 Rewards to them who best performed. *Thal.* They said  
 You had two *Ladies* too, which did use painting;  
 And ne're wore their owne faces; But did vary  
*Shapes* every morning; And goe forth of their Closets  
 Things of their own Creation. *Orith.* They left it  
 Doubtful too, and to be suspected, as if  
 Your Ladies loved Plurality; And that they  
 At Court did goe halfe Husbands with you. *Mch.* Well,  
 Halfe our Revenge is past; The other Halfe  
 We will contrive between your melting Armes.

*Orith.* You two sing us asleep; And when y' have done,  
 Goe walke the Round, and see the Watch relieved.

*Exunt.*

The first Song, sung by two Amazons.

Time is the feather'd Thing;

And whilst I praise

The sparklings of thy Lookes, and call them *Rays*,

Takes wing;

Leaving behind him as He flies,

An unperceiv'd dimnesse in rhine eyes.

His Minutes whilst th' are told,

And every Sand of his fleet Glasse,

Increasing Age as it doth passe,

Insensibly somes wrinkles thence;

Where Flowers and Roses doe appear.

Whilst we doe speak our fire

Doth into Ice expire.

Flames turne to Frost;

And as we can

Know how our Crow turnes Snow;

Or how a silver Snow

Turnes to a silver Snow

Spring

*Springs there where yet did grow,  
Our fading spring is in dull Winter left.*

(2)

*Since, then, the Night hath hurl'd  
Darknesse, loves shade  
Over its Enemy the Day, and made  
The World,  
Just such a blind and shapelesse thing,  
As 'twas before Light did from Darknesse spring;  
Let us imploy its treasure,  
And make shade pleasure;  
Let's number out the Houres by Bliss,es,  
And count the Minutes by our Kisses.  
Let the Heavens new motions feel;  
And by our Imbraces wheele.  
And Whil'st we try the Way,  
By which Love doth convey  
Soule into Soules  
And mingling so,  
Makes them such Raptures know,  
As makes them entranced lye  
In mutual Extasy:  
Let the Harmonious Sphæres in Musicke rowle.*

*Ex. Men. & Marth.*

SCENA VI.

*Having changed Clothes to their Doublets,  
Enter Callias, Niander, Antops,  
Their eyes blinded with black patches, led by  
Macrinus, Lacero, Serpianus.  
Macr. Come Gentlemen, without resistance now  
Disrobe your upper parts: What's wanting in  
Good Clothes, your patience must supply. Lacr. Good troth  
Your Doublets suite not with your Breeches Rents.*

To Rents, And Ragges to Ragges is fashionable.

But as y<sup>e</sup> are now you looke like Men of Gold

Creeping forth of your Oares And are the Emblems

Of that State which does know no middle subjects,

But is compos'd wholly of Lords and Beggers.

Call. Well, Sir, Necessity which made you feed } *They change*  
The Numerous Thracians, which now teed on me } *Doublets.*

In these your Breeches, And draw blond, which is

Against Campe Law, does here perswade me to

Resigne my Doublets pray shake yours, Sir. Neand: There,

My Freind, who e're you are, there is whole plundet.

Pray, if you can, spare me a Doublet which

Hath linings in't, and no Glasse Windowes. For, if

My feeling doe not faile me with my sighs,

Your Nether Garment is halfe Net, halfe Breeches:

And statutably will catch greater fish,

And let small passe, as well as cloth. Lac: Troth, Sir,

You shall e'en have 'em as I wore 'em, fellowes:

They were new once: It was not in my power

To keep them at a stand, by miracle.

Time which devour'd his Children, will eat Heles, Sir.

Art. Stay, stay, stay Friend: Sure you must release

My eyes, to see to put your Vesture on right.

Serp. I warrant you, Sir. Art: So; There is one Arme

Past through a Labyrinth. I doe expect

The other should be lost by th' way. This Jerkin:

Is wholly made of Doeres: And had need have

A thread belong to it. Serp: Now 'tis on, Sir. Art: Thank you.

Y<sup>e</sup> are sure y<sup>e</sup> have not mis'aken? Serp. How d'you mean?

Art. I mean your Breeches for your Doublets: As being

Indifferent in their use, which should be worne

Above, and which below? Serp: All's right, believe it, Sir.

Mac. Next, Gentlemen, you must once more submit

Your Armes to these hempe prisons. No striving; You

Know where you are. Call. Sir, we are tamed: y<sup>e</sup> have made us

So by the Imprisonment of our Legges already. } *They pinion*

But if our Elbowes doe breake prison, pray } *th' m.*

Impute it to the loosenesse of your buildings.

*Lac.* So, Now y' are all compleat: you look't before  
Like *Him* who first invented *Coaches*, to hide  
His double Making. Who was downwards *Serpent*,  
Upwards a well shap't man. *Serp:* Good troth, me thought,  
Your *nether parts* lookt as they would petition  
Your *upper* for an *Almes*; Or else, as if  
You had 'bove *girdle* been the *Founders*, and  
*Below*, the *Hospital*. *Call:* Well, freinds, you may  
Laugh at our miseries, and raise sport from  
Your torne exchanges. But is this noble usage  
Of Souldiers unto Souldiers, thus to strippe us?

*Mac.* When we take *sheepe* with golden *Fleeces*, 'Tis  
Our custome to returne *Wool* for their *Plase*.

*Lac.* We doe not strippe you, but changes cases: Clothes  
For Clothes was still held honourable. *Ncand:* And now,  
In troth, most worthy Captaines, (For we have  
Created you) what's your intent? What will you  
Doe with us thus reduced to Totters? *Mac:* That  
Is as the Councel shall determine. Perhaps,  
Imploy you in our workes to digge: And there  
Worke out your *Ransomes*, 'till the warre be ended,  
As *pioners*. *Ncand:* Must we rowle wheele-barrowes?  
Or manage Spades, and Mattocks then? And earne  
Our bread and water with the Picke-axe? *Serp:* Perhaps,  
We shall obtaine you outright for our *slaves*.  
Then having mark't you, to be knowne our *Bond-men*,  
We will transport you home to *Thrace*, and there  
Make sale of you in some publique Market: You'l  
Be vendible Commodities. Perhaps,  
Some who have store of Wives will buy you to  
Make *Eunuchs* of, and geld you. *Mac:* Or perhaps  
Some ancient widdowes, long past bearing, will  
Buy you for their own private use. *Lac:* Or else,  
Perhaps, to make short worke, The Councel will  
Condemne you to the *Gallies*, There to row  
Your Dayes out 'gainst the *Persian*, or fetch Corne  
Monthly from *Egypt*: Sugar from *Crees*: Or Spunges  
From *Samos*. *Art:* And our wages be to feel.

The scourge about our shoulders if the winde  
Sit opposite, and we can't row. *Lar.* There must  
Be such corrections, to quicken diligence.

*Call.* Pray as y<sup>e</sup> are noble, and know how t<sup>o</sup> pity  
Humane misfortunes, let us aske one Question.

*Mac.* As many as you please. *Call.* If by Starre-light  
You can discern so farre, How farre are we  
From a Tall *Oake*, which may be clymb'd by such  
*Trees* as we? Or a straight *Elme*, which may  
Support th' Imbraces of such *Vines*? *Mac.* Why aske you.

*Call.* Because if any such kinde natural plant  
Be near, we would intreat you not t<sup>o</sup> omit  
The Opportunity; But to prevent  
Our Greater by lesse sufferings, would imploy  
Those Cords which binde our Armes, about our Necks,  
And hang us up by *mooneshine*. *Mac.* Alas, such favours  
Are not in our powers. If it be your fate  
So to be sentenc'd, we will doe you all  
The frindly Offices we can. *Call.* We thanke you.

*Lar.* Mean time, perhaps to you 'tis mid light, gentlemen;  
No Sunne appears to you: But to us day breakes,  
We will conduct you to the place where you  
Shall know your doomes. Pray follow leisurely.  
And doe not stumble. *Neand:* If 't be our destiny  
To dye by th' *string*, the comfort is we are *Thrice*.

#### ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Enter *Theagines* and *Meleager* buttoning themselves. After  
a while followed by *Orithya* and *Thalastris*.

*Theag.* In my opinion, my Lord, these are  
The strangest *Amazons* that ever left  
Their female Countrey for the use of men.  
How did you finde yours? Mine had *Breasts*. *Met:* Troth mine,  
I thinke hath scap't the rasour too; I had  
No leisure to examine parts. I found  
No defects in her, But me thought she was



To me a whole and perfect woman, I'me sure  
She found me an entire and perfect man.

*Theag.* There's a strange sweetnesse in them; how they melt  
Betweene ones Armes, and call one Husband? *Mel:* I  
Thought mine would have fulfill'd the *Fable*, where  
The *Nymph* dissolv'd into a *Fountain*. *Theag:* But  
How will our *Ladies* brooke this if they know it?

*Mel.* How? Thanke us for being civil unto *Ladies*.  
Would they be willing these should report us clownes?  
Or men void of *Humanity*, at their  
Returne home to their Countrey. *Theag:* 'Tis true; had we  
Dismiss them as they came, both to our shame,  
And shame of our posterity, they might  
Record us Impotent in *Chronicles*

Or say they were receiv'd women by women.

*Mel.* Here they come. Ladies, you appear to us  
Like two *Sunne risings* breaking from your *Curtaines*.  
*{ Enter O-  
rith. Thal.*

*Theag.* The *Day* 'till now was not begun; you make  
The *morning*, which enables us to see  
Those Beauties by their owne light, which did turne  
The Darkenesse of the Night into such pleasure,  
As happy Lovers doe enjoy below,  
In their *Elysian Fields*. *Orith:* Fye, fye, my Lords;  
Is this your recompence to mocke us for  
Having bad faces? *Thal.* Cause nature play'd the Stepdame,  
And made us not of the same Orient matter  
Of which she fram'd your *Ladies*; Must you adde  
Your flouts to her hard workmanship? *Theag:* 'Fore Heaven.  
I could for ever gaze on your faire eyes.

'Tis Heaven, where e're I may behold your faces;  
Y' are wholly made of charme. *Mel:* You are two *Circes*,  
Two amiable *Conjurers*; Once gotten  
Into your *Circle*, there's no getting out:  
A thousand *Graces* play upon your lips,  
And every kisse is a new *Syrren*, which  
Invites us to take more, and there to fix,  
Till they grow Infinite. *Theag:* Then for your beds,  
They are two *Phoenix Nests* which breath perfumes;

You

You rose from us, to Day, as *spice* from *Altars*,  
Two perfect *Sacrifices*. *Orith*: Well, since you will  
Needs put great value on slight favours, we  
Shall know how you esteeme us by your visits  
In this kinde often. *Thal*: Next, That you may perceive  
What Confidence we dare put in you, And  
How ill it would become us to admit

You to our *Beds*, and shut you from our *Counsels*:  
Know that this Day, if you doe not prevent it,  
Your *Campe* will be betray'd to the Enemy.

*Theag*. How Ladies? 'Tis not possible, pray who  
Should be the *Traitors*? *Orith*: Our *Princesse*, and her *Sister*.  
You stand amazed now. *Theag*: Troth it stirres my wonder,  
Treason should lodge in such fair Lookes. *Thal*: These Lookes

Are, Sir, the Cause, and Ground of what we tell you.  
Your King ignobly did refuse them, when  
They fell below themselves, and wooed Him. *Orith*: Which  
Being knowne to th' *Prince* of *Thrace*, he joyning Love  
To their Revenge, hath frequently stolne hither  
In a Disguise, and courted, and prevailed.  
This morning is appointed as the last  
Time of their Intervieues, before the Nuptials.

*Thal*. 'Tis too concluded, Sir, He shall restore  
Your *Princesse*. (For he sayes, to force Affection,  
Were to wedde halfe a *Queen*, and match her *Body*  
Without her *soules*: Nor can the marriage be  
Perfect where *mindes* joyne not as well as *hands*,  
And have their knot too) And in her stead shall  
Make choice of one of ours. *Orith*: Then for  
*Roxane*, Hee'l transport her backe, as scorning  
To match there where himselfe hath been refused.  
And for their Carriage of all this, 'Tis order'd  
That when the Battles joyne, we, on the Word,  
And Signe given, shall revolt, and turne to that side.

*Mel*. You have made great Discoveries. *Theag*: Who is this?

*Orith*. Now trust your owne eyes, That's *Eurymedon*,  
Going to our *Queenes Tent*. Make what wise use

Of this you please. And say you have not lost  
 By the Company of Ladies. *Theag*: Wee looke upon you  
 As the preservers of our Countrey. *Mel*: We } *Ent. Menalippe*  
 Will erect Sacred *Statues* to you, as } *and Marthesia.*  
 To th' *Tutelar Dieties* that saved us. *Men*: Madam,  
 Here is the second part oth' *Comedy*.  
 The Souldiers are come with their prisoners:  
 The strangest spectacle— *Orish*: Why, what's the Matter?  
*Mar*: Unlesse it were the *Farse*, where the *Dicays*  
 Of *time* are acted, I never saw three men  
 So made of Raggcs. The Souldiers have changed Clothes,  
 And plunder'd 'em. *Thal*: Go bid 'em enter. *Mel*: Come Ladies  
 Wee'l make two in your *Council*, And then to th' King.

SCENA II.

To them *Callias*, *Neander*, *Artops*: (Led by  
*Macrinus*, *Lacero*, *Serpix*.)

*Macr*. Come Gentlemen, now stand in Ranke, and keep  
 Due distance from the *Lords*; Lest there passe from you  
 A creeping Entercourse, which may disturbe  
 The sitting of the *Court*. *Theag*. Are these the *Captaines*  
 You tooke last night? *Mac*: These are the three *Commanders*  
 An't please your *Lordships*; who have since chang'd *Shapes*  
 With us their *conquerours*. *Mel*: Indeed they looke  
 As if they lately had been in a *Fight*;  
 Their *Garments* doe want *Surgeons*. What's your name?  
*Cal Callias* *Me*. What's your? *Ne*: *Neander*. *Me*. What's yours?  
*Theag*. I do remember you; you were employed (*Art*: *Artops*.  
 In our late *civil Warre*, by the factious Members  
 Of our *Synedrion*, when they arm'd their *slaves*,  
 And made their *Bondmen Curiaffers* against  
 Th' *Equestr al Order*; And did enact it lawfull  
 Ith' *Kings Name* to take Armes against him; And  
 Out of obedience to him to rebel;  
 And amongst their other wilde and furious *Votes*,  
 Decreed it lawfull, for the good oth' Subject,

To rife their *Eftates*; flaunder their *persons*;  
Ravifh their *Wives*, and to defloure their *Daughters*.

*Mel.* Are thefe the three, who helpt to make war 'gainft  
Our *Gods*? And to reforme their *Temples*, did  
Deface their *Altars*? And called it sacrifice  
To robbe them of their *Incenfe*, And pull downe  
Their *Images*? And did erect ftrange *Priefts*,  
Taken from *Anvles* and *Anvils*, to deliver  
False *Oracles* unto the people? *Theag.* Thefe  
Sir, are the three. *Mel.* Apply the Racke to them,  
To force true Answers from them to our Questions.  
*Call.* Pray hold, pray hold, Friends. Alas, my Lords, we are not  
The men you mean. We ne're faw *Warres* before,  
*Civil*, or *Forraigne*, Nor ever were beyond  
Our owne Coafts yet. *Neand.* Nor doe we understand  
What your *Synedrion* is, unleffe it be  
Your *Mayor* and *Senate* of *Bizantium*.

Who, as we heare, once in an age runne madde;  
And then talke Idly, of nought but *Liberty*,  
Changing of *Government*; The fatal periods  
Of *States* and *Kingdomes*; How they may coine new *Gods*,  
And new *Religions*. *Art.* They may vote twice two thirty;  
Or their owne *Scarlets's* gray; Or *Thracians*, *Scythians*;  
Or that they not rebel againft your *King*,  
When in a popular fury they caft off  
The yoke of fubjects, For any aide they e're (felves  
Received from us. *Theag.* Well, fince y' have cleared your  
Of that great doubt, Refolve us then, what makes  
The *Queen* of *Amazons* among you? *Call.* What made  
Her *Grandmother* in *Alexanders* Army?  
She comes to fhew her felfe her *Niece*, to fight,  
And to have *Amazons* begot upon her.

*Neand.* Had thefe not interrupted us, we fhould  
By this have knowne whether her *Ladies* came  
For the fame bufineffe. *Mel.* That Sir is prefum'd;  
*Subjects* are bound to imitate their *Princes*.

*Theag.* Next, what are your defignes? We heare you mean  
This day to give us battle. *Call.* For our defignes,

Some

Some say you have tame *pidgeons*, taught to fly  
 With *Newes* and *Letters*, betwixt *campe* and *campe*;  
 Whereby our *Counsels* are no sooner hatcht,  
 But they take wing to you. *Neand*: Others affirme,  
 You have your *Multipling Instruments*,  
 Which take our *truthes* at one end, and, like *glasses*,  
 Show them in various *shapes* to th' people; And  
 Returne your *monsters* to us at the other,  
 In *shapes* more various and prodigious,  
 To fright us, as the *Barbarous* did of old;  
 With *Elephants*, and *Castles* in the Aire;  
 And such like *Expeditions*; which once knowne,  
 Looke bigge, and are despised. *Art*: Then for the battle,  
 This is the Day for our new *Legions*  
 To be brought in; which when they come, Our *King*  
 Intends to stake his *Kingdome* 'gainst your *Princesse*.  
 The *Conquerour* take both. *Mel*: This is a playnesse,  
 Which does show generous in you. Lastly, therefore  
 As you'l avoide the tortures of the *Wheele*,  
 Or *Racke*, in *Questions* of this moment: Tell us,  
 What *Officers* have you that may be bought,  
 To let us have good penny-worths, if we  
 Should have occasion to joyne *Art* to *Armes*,  
 And chaffer for a *Castle*, *Fort*, or *Towne*,  
 Or a *Defeat*, or so? How's your *Prince* guarded?

*Call*. As a *Prince* should be, by *Gentlemen*; whose *Lives*  
 Are cheaper to them then their *Honours*; And  
 More cheaply to be purchast from them. Men  
 VVho'd looke on tempters, as new *Enemies*;  
 And think't New *Justice* added to their cause,  
 To fight 'gainst those who would corrupt 'em; Briefly,  
 Th' are men who doe propose onely these two  
 Brave ends unto themselves, to dye, and to  
 Be *Loyal* to their *Princes*: About whose person  
 Their *Valours* make one *Guard*, their *Loves* another.

*Art*. Some under *Officers* perhaps there may be,  
 VVhose trade and occupation 'tis to kill,  
 And to grow rich by *slaughters*; Vile *market Spirits*,

Who doe not fight for *Fame*, or *Cause*. But thinke  
 That side is most i<sup>th</sup> Right which gives most *pay*,  
 And these warres Justest where there is most *plunder*:  
 Whom you may buy o're to your side, and we  
 Upon a New Sale, may buy backe againe.  
 You I believe have some in your Campe too,  
 Who are like *Victory*, Hover a while  
 With doubtful wings between both Armies, and  
 At last forsake the weakest. *Theag*: Since y' have made  
 A free Confession, wee'l now proceed unto  
 As free a Censure of you. My Lords, pronounce  
 Each in your order. *Orith*: My sentence is, that since  
 They were caught in a Ladies Tent, at Houres  
 When all good Souldiers should be on their watches;  
 And since they were surprized, and no swords drawne:  
 (Which renders them incapable of a  
 More manly punishment) They be attir'd  
 In *Womens clothes*, and so led through the campe  
 In triumph, then left to their *Ransomes*. *Thal*: I  
 Concurrer with you; But doe adde farther, that  
 Instead of *Ransome*, in that dresse they be  
 Returned to be another show of scorne  
 To their own Army. *Theag*: What say you two? *Men*: We  
 Doe both agree in one brieve *vote*; which is  
 That since we hear they boast of *Ladies favours*,  
 To which a grateful speechlesse<sup>n</sup>esse is due,  
 That first they have their Tongues cut out, and so  
 Made *Mutes*; Next, that they be gelt, and made *Eunuches*;  
 And thus disabled from all what concernes  
 The company of *Women*, but to keepe 'em;  
 That they be sold to th' *Persian*; who'l imploy 'em  
 With the capacities in their *Seraglio's*.

*Serp*. You see we told you true. *Call*. Pray, pray my Lords,  
 Reverse this cruel sentence. Rather let us  
 Be drest like *Women*, then be made no *Men*. (us

*Neand*. Rather cut off our *Heads*, then *Tongues*; and make  
*Mutes* that way. *Mel*: To which of us doe you speake?

*Neand*. To the *Lords* with the *treble voyces*. *Mel*: Well,  
 Though

Though we might shew our rights of Conquest on you,  
And yet proceed to harder doomes, since victours  
Cannot be cruel, where the worst is lawfull  
Yet if you'l sweare never hereafter to

Bear Armes against us, with your eyes we will  
Restore you to your Liberty. *Art:* Let's sweare;

'T will be a fine excuse to keepe's from fighting. (By all

*Call.* We sweare. *Mel:* By our Gods or your own? *Call:*  
Our Country Gods we'l neare beare armes against you. (me

*Mel.* You take the same oath? *Nea:* Yes. *Art:* If you'l have  
I'll sweare by all your Gods too, you shall never

Take me in armes against you. *The:* Perhaps you will } *They un-*  
Outrun your followers. Now unbinde 'em, next } *bind 'em.*

*They unbinde 'em.*

Give 'em their sight. *Orish:* Ha, ha, ha, Looke how meekely,  
And peaceably they looke? *Thal:* what a Tranquillity,  
And harmlesse Calme is in their Countenances?

*Men.* How undisturb'd they bear this? How serenely?  
As if they were at Truce with all the world.

*Mar.* Who would not be a coward, to be endu'd  
With such a guist of Patience? *Theag:* Gentlemen,  
Having so amply testified your valors  
To us, and these faire Ladies, We'l report  
Your Chievalry to th' King. Meane time we leave you  
To your stout Resolutions, and Chronicle,  
To be set forth in Epicks Meeter on you.

*Mel.* Farewel brave Champions, Take heed your examples  
Doe not infect your Companions. *Orish:* Pray, when  
You have spare houres, and are returned unto  
Your courages, let us once more partake  
Of your defences at our Tent. *Thal:* And as  
You finde us free, and yeilding, pray for our  
Sakes, and your own, conceale your Entertainment.

*Exeunt.*

(dangers

*Men.* Pray keep your selves whole men. *Mar:* And safe from

*Mac.* Captaines we have our pay a month before hand.  
We'l take leave too, and returne to our postures.

*Call.* Pray stay, pray stay, Is not your name *Macrinus?*

*Mac.* Yes Sir. *Nea:* Yours *Lacero* I take it? *Lac:* True Sir.



*Call.* And you are *Lausséfado Serpiz*? *Serp.* Sir,  
I should deny my selfe elle. *Neand.* And 'tis thought  
These are your *Breeches*? *Lac.* We confesse it; And  
These yours, and *Doublers*. *Mac.* Troth we know you scorne  
To weare 'em after us; or to put on  
Clothes which you once cast off. *Serp.* Adiew sweet Captains;  
We will report your Bounty to the Campe.

*Lacer.* And show how you have gilded us, and made us  
Three Compleat *Gentlemen* of your *Companies*.

*Exeunt.*

SCENA III.

*Callias, Neander, Artops.*

*Call.* *Neander*? *Neand.* Hum. *Call.* Was this a dream, & did  
All these appear to us in our sleepe? Or wast  
A reall vision? *Neand.* Why doe you aske?

*Call.* Because, if it were reall, I expect  
That passages so fit for History,  
Shall not scape *Mercuries* or *Scout-Gazers*;  
But shortly be recorded with the Deedes  
Of *Democratike John*, or the *Red nosed Burgesse*,  
Who enacts *Ordinances* in *Sackes*; or with  
The Life and Death of *Preaching Nol*, and *Rowland*.

*Neand.* If we scape rascal poetry I care not.  
All my feare is, lest he who carved the *Embleme*  
Of the *Oxe* with foure Hornes spitting fire, like one  
Oth' Bulls which *Jason* conquer'd, should put us  
With wings, in most vile libel figure, flying,  
Like *Owles* by *Twilight*, and moultring these our feathers,  
Before two *she Kites*; following us with *Quivers*.

*Call.* True; And then *Pistoclerus*, who lives by  
His yearely Gifts in scarping verse, and pictures,  
T' expound this to the multitude in Ballad,  
Sung to the direful Tune of *Orpheus* torne  
By *Oyster Wives*. *Neand.* *Artops*, Suppose this should  
Arrive to th' Knowledge of your browne *Lycoris*

*Ich*

Ith' Suburbs? *Art:* Pray don't trouble me, I'me in  
A serious Contemplation. *Neand:* What it's? *Art:* Why,  
If you'l needs know, 'Tis whether it be not fit  
(To prove our selves no Cowards, and to show  
How much we can slight Death in any shape)  
That we should call our *Regiments* together;  
Erect a handsome *Traverse*; Then desire  
The Company they'd joyne with us in one  
Of *Homers Odes*, and after a short confession,  
Turne our selves off in Packthread. *Call:* Come, we must  
Doe something to redeeme our Credits: The Boyes  
VWill else tye Squibbes behinde us, as we passe,  
And make us walke the streets in *Fireworkes*.

*Exeunt.*

SCENA IV.

*Eurymedon, Roxane, Barsene.*

*Eurym.* Madam, you put too great names on my visits,  
To stile them meritorious Dangers. 'Tis  
So little I have done, thus to adventure  
To your faire presence, secur'd onely by  
The weake vaile and cloud which I weare about me,  
That this but rankes me yet 'mongst vulgar Lovers;  
VWho would doe much more for one fading Kisse,  
VWhich dies in the fruition, and perishes  
VWhilest 'tis received, from her they love. *Barf.* But Sir,  
So often to descend from your great selfe,  
VWhere once had been enough to gaine a *Princess*;  
And to submit your selfe to this darke shade,  
VWhich might betray you, and at best conceales you  
But as *Eclipses* doe conceale the *Sun*;  
VWhich when they hide, doe robbe him too, and take  
His bright rayes for him; And all this to enjoy  
The fraile sight of a *Woman*, who returns  
You nought but taske for visit, and whose presence  
Might it securely be posselt, and you

*Not*

Not venture a *Captivity* is often  
 As you passe to and fro, at most can make  
 But this Poore, short requital; to be sent  
 Such as she is, one onely rich in promises;  
 Where she wants treasures more substantial;  
 And those performed so much below the Receiver,  
 So apt to breed repentance, as to deserve  
 Onely to passe 'mongst the Injuries of *Love*,  
 In such a noblenesse, which first esteemes  
 And values meane things, whose worth is *Opinion*,  
 And then findes Arguments to prize them, and  
 T' account them amiable: Y' have added this  
 To my releasement when I was your prisoner,  
 Still to proceed in the same generous errour;  
 Still to believe me worthy to be loved,  
 As then to be surprized, and to be told so.

*Eurym.* You are the first, most Gracious *Barsene*,  
 Who robbed her selfe to make another rich;  
 Or stript her selfe of her owne praises to  
 Adorne anothers wants, and then looke on him  
 As a thing worthy to be valued. The Gods  
 When they returne a large and plenteous vintage  
 For a few Drops of *Wine* pour'd on their *Altars*:  
 Or doe repay a *graine* or two consumed  
 In *Sacrifice*, with a whole field of *Incense*,  
 Or when they doe requite a *pilgrimage*  
 Made to their *Shrines*, with answers which doe promise  
 More then the *Supplicant* or askes, or hopes for,  
 Are not more bounteous, more free and liberal,  
 Then you; who thus doe glorify what you  
 In Justice might despise, And call your owne  
 Perfections, which attract me to your presence,  
 Desert in me, Or thinke I merit, when  
 You make me happy. Not can I count my visits  
 Among my dangers, which are so much sweetned  
 By your allowance of them. If they be dangers,  
 'Tis a felicity I covert to  
 Be allwayes near my *Thraldome*. To be taken

Coming

Coming or going, and held captive, will  
 Be such a suffering as will endear it selfe;  
 And be one of my pleasures, when I thinke  
 For whose sake I'me a *Bondman*. *Bar*: But, Great Sir,  
 What can you see in me, besides a minde  
 Willing to understand it selfe beloved:  
 And to returne affection for affection,  
 Which should expose you to these perils; And  
 Make't an *Adventure* every time you see me.  
 And your returne backe an *escape*? *Eno*: I see  
 A forme more beautiful, more attracting, then  
 All those for which the King of *Gods* left *Heaven*.  
 And which t' enjoy, he rather chose to be  
 Transformed into a *Flame*, or spangled *Sonne*,  
 Then to remaine the thunderer; and thought it  
 A happier shape to be a *Swaine*, then to  
 Be clothed with his owne *Lightning*. Should you set  
 The taskes of *Hercules*, or bid me turne  
 Fable into story, and make his *Labours* mine;  
 Or should enioyne me, fights where th' enemy  
 Growes numerous from my conquests. And multiply  
 From every wound I give him; And having finish'd  
 One *Labour*, should you straight prescribe another;  
 And make me so divide my life between  
 My love and conflicts; Such a reward as you  
 Would be a greater recompence, then to  
 Be placed among the *Starrs*, and there to shine  
 A constellation, wreath'd about with my  
 Owne Victories; and glittering with the spoiles  
 I tooke from *Lyons*. *Bar*: Well, Sir, *Paris* hath  
 Receiv'd so true, so full a Testimony  
 Both of your Love, and fortune, that now  
 Nothing is wanting to put both you and us  
 In full possession of our wishes; but  
 The opportunity to reveale our selves  
 After the noblest manner. *Bar*: Your task is onely  
 To set your Army in array, to joyn  
 Battle with ours, that, from this shew of warre.

Wee may at our returne unto our selves, enjoy to gaine  
The better raise a peace: And make an *Oligarchy* and  
Spring from our *spirits*. Mean time I am your *Conqueror*.  
*Eur.* And I, who came a *Prince*, returne your *Captive*.

*Exeunt.*

SCENA V.

*Archidamus, Lynceus, Polydamas, Theagenes, Melager.*

*Archid.* My Lords, *Lynceus* and *Polydamas*,  
You two stoppe all the passages by which  
The *Prince of Thrace* is to returne: That done,  
Put the new forces you have brought in posture,  
And fit *Army*, if need be, to suppress  
All Campe *Commotions*. We are not safe amongst *Women*.

*Lync.* It shall be done. *Arch.* And let the old Forces be  
In readinesse, if an adverse army doe  
Invite us to joyne battles to entertaine it,  
And meet them in the Field. *Polyd.* It shall be Order'd.

*Arch.* But is it credible *Eurytelus* should  
Should have the confidence to trust himselfe  
To a thinne weake disguise, and in a place  
So open and transparent, should passe through  
My camps, on such a treacherous Enterprize?

*Theag.* He's now Sir at the *Queen's Tent*, where they hold  
A secret Consultation. *Arch.* We'll see him enter  
Just at the Instant when two of her *Ladies*,  
The one *Lieutenant-General* of the Army,  
The other *Lady-Marshal* of the Field,  
Were telling us the plot. *Arch.* That is concluded,  
*Roxane* shall be carried backe to *Thrace*,  
*Barsene* be restored (perhaps desoured)  
And hee to choose *Hippolyta*, or her Sister,  
Instead of mine to be his *Queen*. *Theag.* Yes, Sir,  
They are indifferent, and are resolved  
Since you refused 'em, to wolde by *Lutery*.

Of which refusal they are so sensible,  
That when both armies joyne, this too contriv'd,  
(Which I doe wonder they should, yet, discover)  
The *Amazons*, upon the signe given, shall  
Turne to the other sides And sacrifice  
Your overthrow to their Revenge: Or what's  
More to be feared, your *Kingdome* to their *Nuptials*.

*Mel.* *Antiope*, the sister, wants a portion;  
And if she bring your *Crown*, and *Scepter* with her,  
Or if t' enlarge her Husbands *Territories*,  
She adde yours to 'em, the Match will be more Princely,  
And she appear so much the more herselfe, Sir,  
If she can raise a Dowry from your Conquest.

*Arch.* Oh the deceitfulnesse of women! whose  
Affection's like the Rainbow, can shew painted,  
And court us with a thousand beauteous colours,  
Yet all this onely serve to guild a storme;  
And make a tempest looke more flattering.  
We must use plot against plot: To seize upon  
The Ladies were dishonourable: And  
To take these *Captive* who are now our *Guests*,  
(Though they deserve it, having forfeited  
The stile of friends they brought, for enemies)  
Would be our blot in History: You two, therefore,  
Seize on the Prince at his returne, his ransom  
Shall be the restitution of our Ladies.

*A Basile beates within. Enter Alacino.* (Campe  
Harke, what means this? *Arme, arme* your selves, both  
Are joyned; And the *Amazons* have put themselves  
In armes against us. The rumord through the field,  
To charge us in the *route*, the *Thracians*  
In *Front*, and so t' encircle us in a  
*Partheus* of enemies, compos'd  
Of men before us, and women, Sir, behinde.

*Arch.* We'l to the field straight. O false Sex! the winde  
May be made constant, but not *women*.

*Exeunt.*



## SCENA VI.

After a battle beaten within, enter at one dore, in fighting  
postures, Archidamius, Theagines, Moleger. At sight  
the other Eurymedon, Clytus, Hippacles.

*Arch.* I'me glad I have met you out of Cloudes, in your  
Owne shape, and like your selfe. We have hitherto will be  
Obscur'd your selfe, in Mist, of you owne raising  
To play the theefe in, since you landed false Prince  
Was't not enough you did pursue my Queen  
With your unnecessary expedition,  
And when our Nuptial Torch was placed, and kindled  
Upon the Altar, must then quench it, And  
Like those who doe robbe Temples (For to take her  
Thus from me was plaine Sacrilege) must snatch her  
Then backe againe, just when the Sacred Cake  
Was breaking 'twixt the Flamines hands, And all  
The Gods of Weddings in their Saffron Robes,  
But as part of your pyracie, and stealth  
(If yet the trecherous surprize of a  
Weake Company of Ladies doe deserve  
A name not yet more Infamous) must joyne  
My sister, and the beauteous part of my  
Whole Court, and Kingdoms in the Rape? As if  
You meant t' erect a new Scraglio, or  
T' enlarge your old: And take them prisoners first,  
Then use them 'mongst your other prostitutes?

*Eurym.* Is this all? *Arch.* There is one thing more. To shew  
Your power upon that Sex, (which you, I see,  
Have striv'd by all wayes to make yours. And, where  
By force you could not, have conquer'd by Persuasion)  
Was't not enough you did begin the warre  
In the surprize of Ladies, but that since  
You must continue it by Stratagem,  
More trecherous then the first? And in your false  
And borrowed shapes, (in which you mightly have

Appeared



Appeared to the *Queen of Amours*) must tempt  
 Her, and her Ladies from their pure affections,  
 Which made them first resolve, wonne by the Justice,  
 And goodnesse of my cause, to fight for me,  
 Until seduc'd they grew *Conspirators*,  
 And did resolve to fight for you? Had you  
 First taken, and then match't *Barsene*, yet,  
 To be your *Queen*, thus, had not been a *Wedding*,  
 But a *captivity*; And to be forc'd  
 Unto your bed with shackles on, is not  
 To be your *Princesse*, but your *slave*; But first  
 To take her prisoner, And, (For ought I know)  
 To use your power of Conquest on her, and  
 To make her first unworthy of your *Nuptials*,  
 And then despise her, for one more entire,  
 More free, and more untoucht, (For your new *Loves*  
 Made to *Hippolyta*, and her sister *Prince*,  
 Have not been so disguis'd like you the *Lover*,  
 As to escape my knowledge) is such a wrong,  
 (Besides my other Interest of having  
 My *Queen* kept from me) as I stand here to punish,  
 Or else to adde my fall unto my sufferings.

*Enrym.* Have you, Sir, finisht your Oration? *Arch.* This  
 Onely remaines. To save th' enpence of blood,  
 Which may be shed on both sides, since the *Quarrel*  
 Is purely ours, Let's not engage our *Arms*,  
 But here conclude the warre, the injur'd with  
 The injurer, in one faire, single combat.

*Theag.* Sir, we've a cause going too: And have two Ladies  
 Who we'll might thinke us two indifferent *enwards*,  
 And very cold in their revenge, should we  
 Stand peaceable spectators, whilest you fight.

*Mel.* We doe beseech you, Sir, Let us joyne our  
 Poore interest with yours, And since the number,  
 And quality of the *Combatants* is equal,  
 T' expresse the like sense of our wrongs, let it  
 Be three to three. *Clyt.* We doe accept the challenges  
 And will maintaine; your Ladies are our prisoners;

More nobly then they were at first your Wives, or betroth'd  
 And that we took them farre more honourably  
 Then you first married them. *For I will not say a little*  
 To shew *Archidamus*, (For I will not say a little)  
 Although I justly might, call you false *Prince*, and traitor! I  
 Being guilty of those accusations, which  
 You sticke on me) that we being equal causes  
 As well as equal labours, to defend them,  
 Since you observ'd a *method* in your *warre*,  
 And those suspicious onely and imaginary  
 I'll use one in my *Answer*. 'Tis confest,  
 I did use art to gaine by plot what was  
 By plot taken from me, *Revenge*, my best sister,  
 And if in her surprize I did recover  
 But what you first stole, and redeem'd my losse  
 With some enforcement, this deserves the name  
 Of a *Retrive* not of a *Pyracy*.  
 Next that I tooke your *sister* with my owne,  
 'Twas part of my *affection* to her, *Love*  
 Prompted me to the action, which doth not  
 Cease to be *Love*, because it once put on  
 The shape of *Force*. And that force but made use of,  
 To let her know that he who tooke her was  
 The greater prisoner, and was first surpriz'd.  
 How I have us'd her since, the Gods, and she,  
 Her owne *Historian*, when you see her next  
 Will witnesse for me. Lastly, if refus'd  
 By you, (I will not say by her, for her  
 Consent takes flame from yours) I've been a suitor,  
 Where I've been freely heard, and entertained,  
 Ask't and prevail'd, For you to claime a *Sovereignty*  
 Over th' affections of *Hippolyta*,  
 Or her faire *Sister*, or call me *Thief*, or *treacherous*,  
 Because I've added nights to my disguises,  
 That my accesses to them might be more  
 Secure, more undisturb'd, in such a way  
 To me and them, than in their absence. I  
 Stand here to make good with my sword, my *stratagem*,  
 Have

The Amorous Warre

77

Have been more noble then your open *Vision*,  
And that I am more constant to *Barfene*,  
In the new purchase of their *Loves*, then you  
Are to *Roxane* in refusing them.  
Now, Sir, I am prepar'd to meet your strokes.

*Clyt.* Your challenge holds too. *Thag.* Yes, you shall per-  
You fight not now with *women*. *Hipp.* We see y<sup>e</sup> are *men*,  
And you shall finde us such. *Idol.* 'Tis nobly promis'd.

SCENA VII.

As they prepare to fight enter to them, Their faces undisco-  
lour'd, and to be knowne, *Roxane*, who takes hold of  
*Arbidasius*, *Barfene* of *Eurymidon*.

*Rox.* Hold as y<sup>e</sup> are *Prisoners*. And respect the cries  
Of your owne *Eadie*, who in your wounds bleed,  
And, if you fall, must here expire with you.  
Since neither of you can fall singly, and  
We not be slaine too. *Bar.* Great *Arbidasius*,  
My royal Lord *Eurymidon*,— (For now  
I dare professe you) what mean you to contract,  
And thus remove the *Warre* into a *Duell*?  
O sheath your swords. See your *Barfene* begs.

*Rox.* Once more heave your *Rarans*, Sir, And here  
Cast downe your weapon. Or if we be the cause  
Of this your strife, be reconcil'd by turning  
Your swords on us. See here two *Sacrifices*  
Ready to buy your peace with their owne slaughters.

*Arch.* How's this? *Roxane* and *Barfene*? Sure  
My eyes are not themselves, Or else my joyes  
Make me take *Visions* for *Realities*.

*Thag.* Believe us, Sir, These are no empty *Spades*,  
Which will appear and vanish. *Idol.* These have bodies,  
Compos'd of *Flesh* and *Blood*. *Eur.* Now, Sir, you see,  
If you'l proceed ith' *Combate*, I want not  
A noble cause to fight for. If you'l now  
Call my surprize of this a *pyracy*,

Or

Or my stolne visits since made to their Tents:  
 A treason, in which these want *confirment*.  
 I hope you'l thinke a *reason*, in which I  
 Had onely this one honourable aime,  
 To render my selfe worthy to be owned  
 By this faire *Princess*: and to betray you to  
 A league and friendship with me by th' Exchange  
 Of *Quern* and *sisters*. *Arch*: Is this true? *Rox*: Our plot  
 Was in these borrowed shapes onely to try  
 How you would bear our losses: Or whether we  
 Might tempt you from your *constancy*. Which, Sir,  
 Hath been so firme, so settled, so unshaken,  
 So much beyond her merits who made tryal,  
 That I'me now twice yours. And the second time { *Takes her in*  
 Here cast my self into your *armes*. *Ar*: Y'are here, { *this Armes.* }  
 Once more my bright *stars* fixt in your owne *sphere*.

*Bar*. Then, for you, Great *Eurymidon*, to leave  
 Your *Kingdome* for the sight, and spectacle  
 Of one, whose *Beauty* can at most aspire,  
 But to be seen and pardon'd: After that,  
 To turne that which at first shew'd boisterous force,  
 Into a generous *courtesie*, And to change  
 That which I first tooke for a rude surprize,  
 Into the noblest way of *love*: And there  
 To be a *Supplicant*, and to spend sighes,  
 Prayers, and *Petitions*, where you might command  
 Affection as your *conquest*, Addes, so pure,  
 So clear, so bright a Luster to your *flame*,  
 And calls forth such a just, and vertuous *beat*  
 From me, to meet with yours, that from the time  
 You did release, I became your *captives*,  
 And you gain'd this by setting of me free,  
 Onely to change one *Thraldome* for another,  
 And from that time to make me weare your *Fetters*,  
 And to be wholly *yours*. *Eur*: If these be *Fetters*,  
 I shall for ever with to be your prison. { *Takes her in*  
 And thus to hold you chain'd, I hope, Sir, you { *this Armes.* }  
 Will not unlinke us now. *Arch*: Such a seperation  
 Were

Were such a sinne, as would be punisht with  
The anger of the Gods: And would deserve  
To have another added to it: And I  
Be once more in the number of the divorc'd:  
To make the knot more firme, here, Sir, In signe  
Y' have had two conquests of me, I lay downe  
My selfe, and weapon at your feet. *Eur:* And I  
First Conquer'd by your *sister*, next, your *selfe*,  
Make this confession of it. *Theag:* My Lords. } *They lay downe*  
You see the warres are ended: If 't please you } *their Swords.*  
Let us put up our swords. *Clyr:* We'l shew the way, Sir.

*Arch.* Next since there's nothing wanting to Combine us,  
In one strickt Union, but the *Priest*, and *Temple*,  
Please you, we will to th' *Altar*, and there first  
Conclude a lasting peace, And then our *Nuptials*. *Exeunt.*

*Eurym.* Lead on, I follow you. *Theag:* I mar'le, my Lord,  
Our *Amazons* appear not, with their brace  
Of *Posses-makers*. *Mel:* They are but shifting faces, } *Enter On*  
That they may laugh at us in their owne shapes. } *Irish: Thal:*  
See where they come, *Theag:* How's this? How's this? I'le pawn  
My life another *Comedy*: Let's stand,  
And over-hear 'em. *Mel:* Looke how they shew in *Helmets*.

S C E N A VIII.

*Enter Callias, Neander, Artops. Leading Orishya, Thalassris, Menulippe and Maribesia, with Helmets on, plumed as taken prisoners by them.*

*Call.* Come, come along. Nay you shall know, most stout,  
Most sterne *Bellona's*, what 'tis to be traitours  
Against a *State*, Was this your errand? This  
Your faire pretence of having children by us,  
To betray those that should beget 'em? Now  
We know how you or'come the *Scythians*,  
You did invite them to your *Tents*, And there  
Conquer'd the *Men* by night, by day their *Country*.

*Neand.* What could you see in us to thinke us of

A feeble Fabricke, or not so well built,  
 Nor of such tough Chintes as the *Thracians*, that  
 You should soitch to sell us to 'em, for  
 Nights Lodgings; And the transitory pleasure  
 Of keeping of you waking? *Orith*. To the wrong  
 You offer to our *Innocence*, and *Honours*,  
 Y' are scurrilous and that is one wrong more  
 Offer'd to our chaste eares. Your mouthes need washing,  
 Or rather gelding. We project to betray you?  
*Art*. Why, I beseech you, Lady *Telamon*,  
 If I should aske you, And this Lady *Ajax*,  
 Together with your two *Sarpedons* here,  
 Was't not contriv'd, you in our absence should  
 Seize on our *Magazines*. Then crested thus  
 In your bright *Helms*, (To which nothing lacks  
 But a shield with a *Gorgons* Head, to turne  
 Us into a *stone*, and conquer us with ill looks.)  
 That you should sally forth upon us; And  
 Then joyne, almost had laid couple, with  
 The enemy? You will deny this? *Thal*. Yes,  
 And having had experience of your valour;  
 Dare here maintaine the contrary with our swords,  
 Two women gainst three men, without our seconds.  
 We seize upon your *Magazines*. Call! So you'll  
 Deny you did receive us at your *Tabernacle*,  
 Your *Amorous Pavilion*; And that these two  
 Sweet *Cymbal-beaters*, otherwise call'd *Drummers*,  
 Did strike a false *Alarme*? *Neand*. Or that you hir'd  
 Three Meager-halse-pin'd-Rascals, having first  
 Depriv'd us of our eyes, to lead us thrice  
 Round 'bout the workes, to lengthen out our progresse  
 Towards the enemies campe; And there to be  
 Arraign'd before a *Council* which consisted  
 Of two the *Colonels*, two the *Clerks* of  
 Your *Comfits*, and *Suckers*; two young Lords, who no doubt  
 Enjoyed all that we came for. *Orith*. 'Tis confess, Sir.  
 Had you enjoyed us, our children onely had  
 Been valiant by the mothers side. *Art*. We'l have



Our *Council* too, where we expect you shall  
 Confesse your treason too, Against the King.  
 March on before there. *Theag.* Pray stay Gentlemen:  
 Where doe you lead these *Ladies*, thus three deep  
 In *File*, without a *Drumme*? You are not going  
 To teach 'em *paltures*, are you? Or make a *muster*  
 Of *four* commanded by *three*? *Mel.* If you mean  
 To lead 'em gainst the enemy, to show  
 Your *Forsitudes* before 'em, once more, surely  
 The Warres are ended. *Call.* Sir, we are leading 'em  
 To th' King; we have discover'd a *fontaine* *treason*. *(plotters)*

*Theag.* How? *Neand.* Yes, Sir, such a *treason*, and these the  
 As does shew women make but th' other *twinn*.  
 With *mischief*, And that *falschood*, when it would  
 Betray men, still assumes their *shapes*. *Arr.* These *Sir*,  
 Who can lodge *Serpents* 'mongst their *Roses*, and  
 Smile o're their *strecheries*, But that we did  
 Timely prevent 'em, would have put the *Campe*  
 Into a *mutiny*. We did take these  
 Two *Lady-Rhetoricks* mounting heapes of *Turf*,  
 Provided to make speeches to the *Souldiers*,  
 T'inflame them to *rebellion*. *Mel.* 'Tis not possible.

*Neand.* Yes, Sir, and these two *Teomen* of the *gally pots*,  
 Were imploy'd, as we hear, to offer the  
 Free use both of *themselves*, and *Ladies*, to  
 All those who with them would forsake our side, *(get.)*  
 And turne to th' *Thracians*. *Oriels.* Wee will endure t'no lon-  
 These iron veiles cast off, thus we confute you. *(They take off)*  
*Call.* How's this, *Orythin* and *Thalastria*? With *their helmets*.  
 Their women *Menalippe* and *Marthesia*? *(wormes.)*

*Arr.* *Amazon-fighters* turn'd to our owne Court *peace*.  
 And my two *Troillars* transform'd to *Knights*.  
*Theag.* They are our *Wives*. Was ever such a plot  
 Laid by two *Women* to keepe their *Husbands* honest?

*Mel.* They've turn'd what I thought *fornication*.  
 Into the acts of *wedlocke*. How I love  
 Such projects, where men are betray'd unto  
 Their lawfull pleasure, and tempted to commit



*Adultery with Innocence, and no sinne follow?*

*Thal.* Pray view us well; And now our paintings off,  
(As you once pleasantly did stile us) pray,  
*Officious Gentlemen;* what other plot  
Can you discerne in us, but to laugh at you?

*Neand.* This comes of policy; Our *wisdomes* have  
Made us three sage, discreet, deepe, most rare *coxcombs*.

*Men.* Ha, ha, ha; Sure they did expect the *King*.  
Should knight 'em for their rare discovery. *Mar:* Or  
Preferre 'em to the *council board*, and make 'em  
*Spies General of the State*. *Orich:* Troth, Gentlemen,  
If you intend to scape *Plagues*, and at your  
Returne home to *Chalcedon*, not to see  
Your deeds brought on the *stage*, take our advices  
Travel 'till this be over. *Thal:* And be sure,  
You keepe your selves from *duels*; Least your *Countrie*  
Doe suffer in your *Valours*. *Theag:* You see there is  
No meddling with these *women*; I'll undertake,  
They can change shapes, as often as *shift Linnin*.  
The *Booke of Transformations*, which reports  
Of *women* turn'd to *Baptrees*, and of *men*  
Turn'd into *women*, hath no more *various formes*,  
Then these can practice. *Mel:* Alas 'tis not your case  
To be deceived. They did deceive us too.

*Orich.* We have two constant *Lords* of you. So't had been,  
Had we been *Amazons* in earnest. *Theag:* you are  
The two first *Ladies* that ere made their *husbands*  
Cuckold themselves with their owne *wives*. *Thal:* By this  
Good light 't would be but justice now to put  
A *Court-trike* on you. *Mel:* Alas *Thalastris*, I  
Discern'd you by your *brists*. *Thi:* Be sure you lay | *Enter Arch:*  
With your own *wife*. *Mel:* Look, Gentlemen, | *Eurym: &c.*  
D' you know these *shapes*? Here comes the second part  
*Oth' Melamorphosis*.

SCENA IX.

*Enter two Priests carrying two-hallowed Torches,  
Followed by Archidamus leading Roxane,  
and Enrymedon leading Barsene wait-  
ed on by Clytus and Hippocles.*

*Arch.* — Thus having made  
Our Realmes one people, by the league and knot  
We've tyed before the Gods, you two proceed  
In the last rites of this our Union,  
And sing the Nuptiall Song.

The second Song, sung by two Priests,  
holding two marriage tapers.

(1)

*Behold these hallowed tapers, And here see  
What wells, and springs of fire they be.*

*How their two lustens twining*

*Make mutual shining.*

*Whil'st one from th' other kindled, doth require  
It's borrowed, with as great a light for light,*

*And kindles backe againe.*

*And thus combining rayes with rayes,*

*And joyning flames, like marriage dayes,*

*A holy Nuptiall 'twixt them doe maintaine.*

(2)

*Yet these but the darke signes, and emblems be*

*Of those conceal'd fires, which none see*

*But Gods, and such whose eyes*

*Love glorifies,*

*Between these breasts a sacred flame doth spring,*

*Which intermingling rites, whil'st we doe sing,*

*Is to it selfe the Priest.*

*Whil'st hearts with hearts, thus intermoved,*

And paies made one, the lov'd wish loved,  
 Themselves between themselves in hymens twist.

{The Song is seconded  
 with a shout within.

———Harke, harke, what is  
 The meaning of this shout and acclamation?

{Enter Lync:  
 {Polyd:

Lync. Sir, the two Armies hearing that their Princes  
 Have stricke a peace, have first exchanged their Armes,  
 And next, in imitation of your Nuptials,  
 Which with this shout they celebrate, have cast  
 Themselves into new postures of embraces.

Polyd. Did you behold 'em, you'd believe there past  
 A mutual wedding between Troops and Troops,  
 And Regiment and Regiment. They want  
 Onely one of your Priests here to performe  
 The holy Ceremony between 'em, To  
 Make it a perfect Day of Hymnals.

Arch. And so't shall be. Nought now remaines, but that  
 We doe adde Triumph to our Joye, and mingle  
 Our Feasts, and Dannces with our Sacrifices,  
 In thankfulnessse to th' Gods. Then Princes doe  
 Match truely, when their Kingdomes marry too.

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R E N D S.

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